Saturday Review

TWENTY CENTS

APRIL 11, 1953

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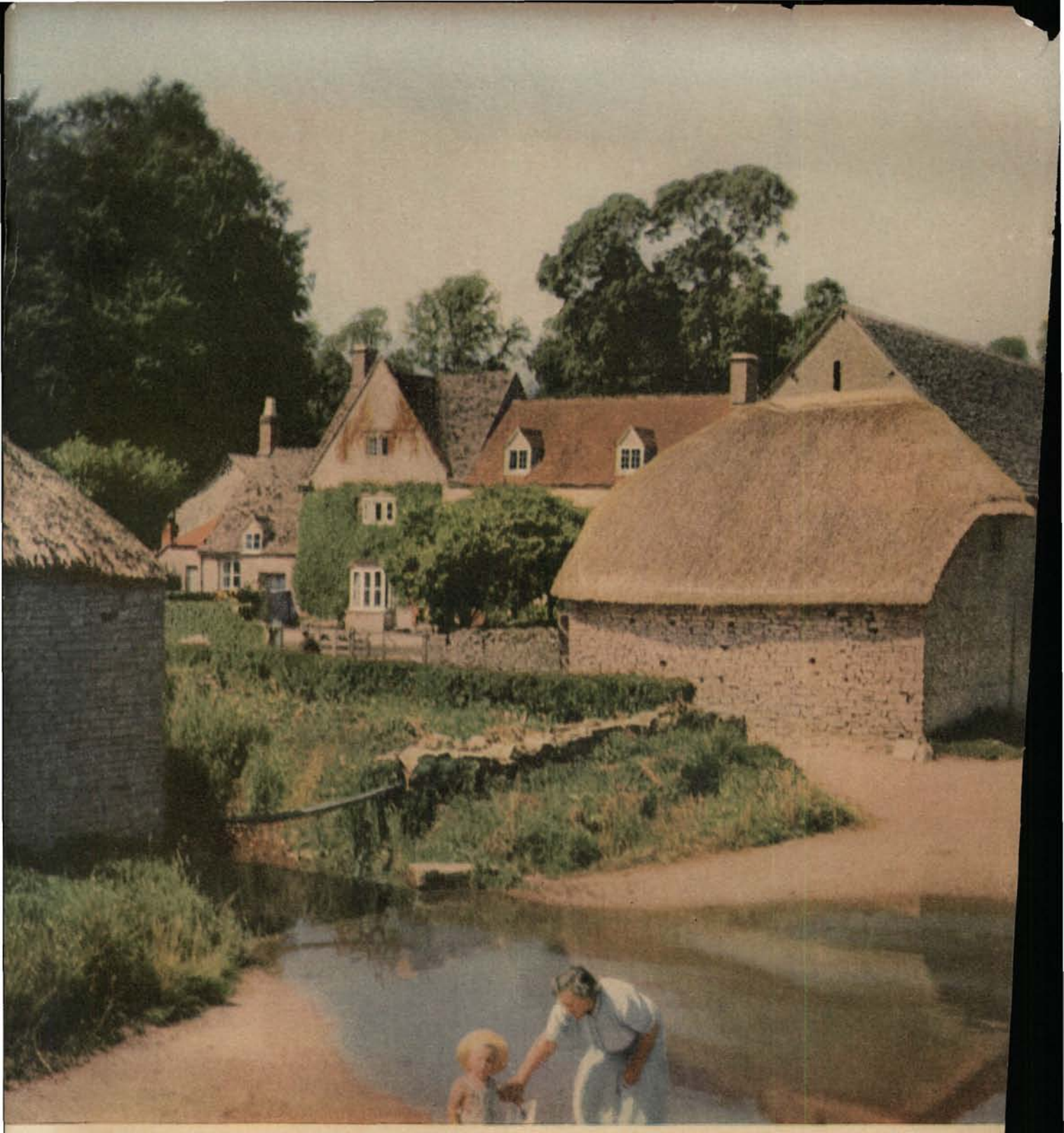

45 Minutes from Broadway

TAKE the old Roman road from Cirencester, and head for the village of Broadway—just 45 minutes away. You'll be passing through the heart of the Cotswolds, through golden-hued villages named Lower Slaughter, Stow-on-the-Wold and Upper Swell. You'll see the rolling English countryside at its rollingest, and honey-colored stone cottages that have been tucked into these wolds for centuries. You'll understand why this tiny unspoilt region holds a dream of retirement for so many seafaring men—"give me a cottage in the Cotswolds, with a little garden, a dog and a pipe." American visitors, of course, ask for a lot more—and get it at every turn. They can stop to picnic under the great oaks of Wychwood, where William the Conqueror hunted. Or visit the farmhouse at Langley wh Henry VII courted Elizabeth of York. Their carved initials " and "E" are still there for all to see. It's "Open House" at Bl heim Palace, too, one of the most famous of England's histo homes. You're invited to see all its treasures, including the ro where Winston Churchill was born. Wherever you go in the C wolds you're not more than 45 minutes from old Broadway a rest at the Lygon Arms, in the very room where Oliver Cr well slept before the battle of Worcester. Pleasant dreams in Cotswolds. Dream of the thousand-and-one other delight store for you in the rest of England, in Scotland, Wales and No ern Ireland. See your Travel Agent now and come to Bri

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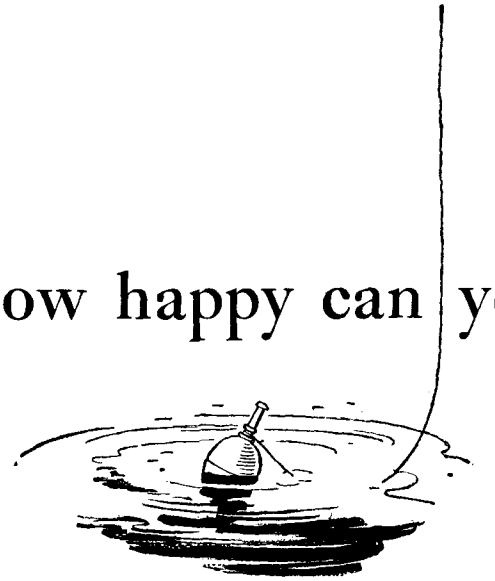
It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

How happy can you get?



Creeping up on us for some time now is the idea of a "Start Retiring at 25" plan for everybody. We're sort of serious about it, too, so please don't stop reading.

The word "retire" has been kicked around a lot. Everyone seems to agree it means happiness, ecstasy, utter bliss . . . but a long way off somewhere. Middle-aged couples will tell you it's "a one-story house where every month is June, and we have time for the projects and hobbies we've always postponed."

Young marrieds can't see retirement with a telescope—it's so far off. But let them acquire kids, an apartment, or a house, and what they dream of someday is much the same. They crave time off someday from mountains of dishes, mountains of dirty clothes, hundreds of tedious tasks. The boring, irksome chores of life eat up valuable time.

So it would seem, then, that retirement ought to be defined as "enough leisure to do the things you want."

Why not start then at 25—or any age? Time to play can be bought at the store. The bride can spend more time being beautiful. Her man can spend more time with his feet up.

Some philosopher someday will make a discovery. He will stand back far enough to see this electrical age in panorama. What will strike him as important is *not* how many and how varied are the gleaming white and chromium appliances that surround the home owner.

No, he will say, a man does not buy himself bits of copper and steel hitched to motors and wires. He buys himself hours and days of time.

He does not buy lamps of glass and wire. He buys hours of extra daylight to enjoy. He does not buy a washing machine. He buys needed hours of leisure. He does not buy air conditioning. He buys his family the energy and the well-being, without which leisure or work is impossible to enjoy.

This is no place to hint at how other products translate into time. What factories have done with motors to shorten a man's work and lengthen his production is a separate story. It is at home that a man most wants to trade the boring for the interesting.

The truth is that people have begun buying retirement as they go along. They may not realize it, but that does not keep them from enjoying the extra time for reading, visiting, writing that book, or riding that hobby.

Retirement is a state of mind we're trying to build into everybody's home. We think our engineers have come up with some wonders—but as you can guess, there'll be more to come. In making new and better products we may well be contributing to a social evolution that wasn't in our original blueprints. We hope so.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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One of the wisest book editors I know has over his desk a framed quotation from Milton's "Areopagitica." It serves him as a double reminder, of a publisher's job as a custodian of the written word, and of his responsibilities in that job.

¶ "Areopagitica" should be reread occasionally by all who are concerned with books and ideas.* For this Spring Book Number of *The Saturday Review* I should like to copy a passage from it.

¶ "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.

¶ "I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.

¶ "And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye.

¶ "Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life . .

¶ "We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

*The full text of "Areopagitica" may be found in "The Portable Milton," published by The Viking Press. ¶ This space is reserved by Doubleday & Co., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. for occasional comments on the reading, writing and publishing of books.

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 11, 1953

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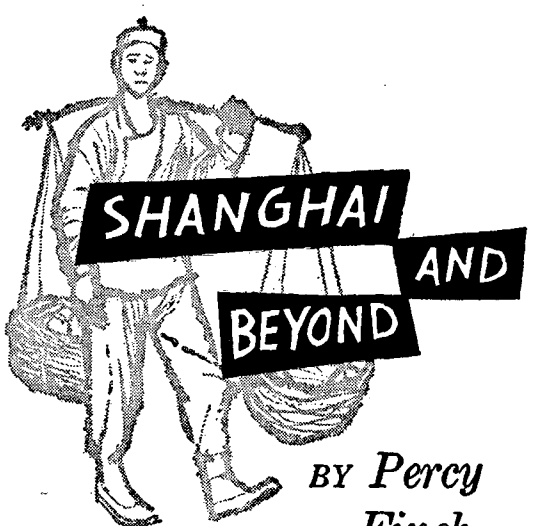

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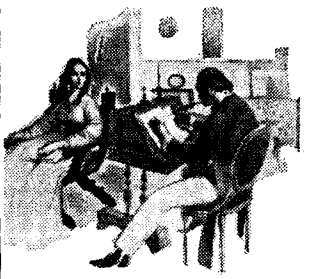

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How Good a Value IS Meat?

THE best way to figure the value of anything is to compare *what you get out of it* with what you pay for it.

According to a study of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, if you are an average American, you spend 24% of your food budget for meat.

The meat you get for this 24% of your food money, gives you approximately

***63% of your protein (in the form of *complete* protein)**
47% of your food iron
28% of your phosphorus
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(plus generous amounts of other B vitamins—including the important B_{12})

**Percentages of daily dietary allowances based on recommendations of the National Research Council for an average 154-lb. sedentary man.*

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But how do you place a value on the *pleasure* which you measure for yourself every time you sink your teeth into a juicy forkful of meat?

Did you know

that Americans eat on the average, *60 million pounds* of meat every day... that it takes the combined services of more than *4,000 different meat packing companies* to supply it ... that the meat packing industry is noted for the many services it performs for a profit that averages less than *1¢ for every 3 pounds of meat you buy?*

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
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Good News

▶ Just before the March 16 deadline the Internal Revenue Collector in St. Louis, Mo., received a tax form and $800 in fifty dollar bills. Across the top of the form was printed "John Doe." E. M. Flinn, assistant director, reported the $800 was a donation, not a tax payment. "We've been hearing from this patriotic citizen for ten or twelve years now. The donations have ranged from $400 to $1,600," Mr. Flinn said. One year "John Doe" enclosed a note saying he had reached the age where money no longer was of value to him and he gave it because he was "proud of my Government." The money will go into a special Government fund.

▶ A land-reclamation scheme, claimed to be the largest in Asia, is now proceeding in West Pakistan. This desert area, known as the Thal, is being flattened out, irrigated, and cultivated by the Thal Development Authority. The area is about the size of the state of Massachusetts. The plan was started some five years ago, after completion of a canal leading from the Indus river to this region. During this time 350,000 acres have been brought under cultivation, producing crops of wheat, cotton, and sugar cane, as well as other crops.

▶ In St. Catharine's library at Thorold, Ontario, a Great Books Foundation class has been in session for some time. Recently, one of its most active members, a German displaced person, received word from Europe that his wife and five children were ready to join him in Canada. Although he had been living in one room and doing his own cooking the man had not been able to save enough money for his family's trip. He went out to borrow money for their passage at 5 per cent interest. When the Great Books group learned of the situation they took the following action: A shower was held which brought in food supplies and household equipment; a collection was taken up and some of the passage money debt was liquidated; as renting a place proved impossible one group member borrowed money from her bank to make a down payment on a four-room house; another member borrowed a station wagon and met the family in Toronto (eighty miles away); the group got a service club to outfit the whole family with new footwear and a local organization to provide other necessary clothing. Within a week after reaching the community, the man's children were welcomed enthusiastically into the local schools.

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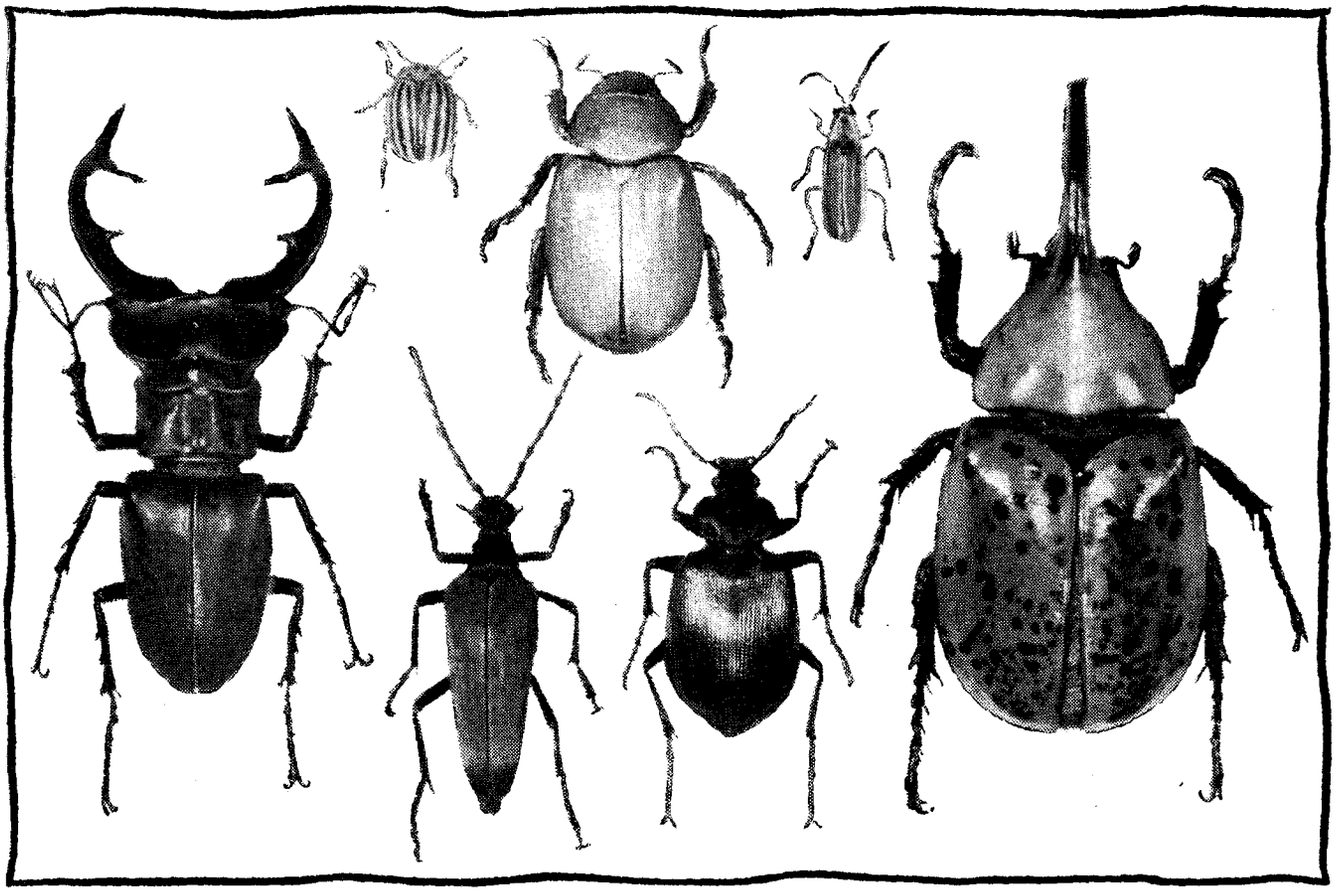

They "came to life" for a day just to have their pictures taken!

The lifelike perfection of World Book Encyclopedia illustrations has amazed many appreciative readers. Just one case in point is the collection of beetles used to illustrate the article on Insects. "How," people ask, "did you ever manage to photograph them together, in color, and what makes them so real-looking?"

The fascinating story proves once again that no pains are spared by World Book to make sure all material is authentic. For this article, permission to photograph representative specimens of insects was obtained from the Chicago Museum of Natural History.

Back at the World Book art studios, these black and white photographs were pasted on page layouts, actual size, and in proper sequence to make accurate "position layouts."

Then, at the Museum, the actual specimens were carefully positioned on the layouts. A steaming process restored brittle legs, bodies and antennae to lifelike color and pliability. Next, direct color separations were made by expert engravers to ensure absolute color control and the sharpest images possible.

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WORLD BOOK *Encyclopedia*

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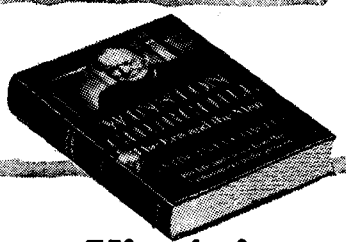

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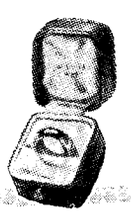

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TRADE Winds

ISN'T IT DISHEARTENING to see a magnificent sunburn you've been working on from the first moment of a vacation turn, first, into a pasty, flaky gray, then disappear entirely inside of a fortnight? Cedric Adams, the Minneapolis Pepys, opines that a man scrapes away one-twentieth of his skin every time he shaves himself, with the result that in twenty shaves his face is gone entirely. Considering some faces I've seen lately, the system has its favorable aspects.

AMONG THE MEMORIES of my one-night lecture stops across the country and back stand out Carolyn Doughty, of the Kansas City Women's Club, who has on her walls a picture, plus devoted autograph, of just about every famous perambulating author of the past twenty years; Cubby Baer and Kenneth Wilde, the new book buyer at Stix, Baer & Fuller in St. Louis, where I signed copies of "Good for a Laugh" until my Paper-Mate pen was red-hot; the snow-covered University of Wisconsin campus in Madison, where the name of a certain controversial Senator seemed to bob up every third second; and the party given for me by Sanford Cobb, of Sears Roebuck (I'll tell you of the burgeoning Sears book operation in a future column).

I recall with pleasure San Diego's ace-columnist, Neil Morgan, and Mayor John Butler, benedict and panel-baffler of "What's My Line?"; Joe Brandt's on-its-toes journalism class at UCLA; Charlotte and Joe Jackson's party for Prexy Sproul of the University of California, and George Stewart (whose engrossing new book, "U.S. Route 40," was published the day I hit the Golden Gate); autographing stints for Muriel Gates at the Broadway in L. A. and for Quail Hawkins at the Sather Gate in Berkeley; and, finally, the two TV programs devoted entirely to books in Los Angeles and San Francisco, more effective by far than anything of the sort in the East. Neither my meetings with Marilyn Monroe nor my hectic twenty-four hours with Mike Cowles at Las Vegas could be done justice in the space available here.

Remember when Geraldine Farrar's sometime husband Lou Tellegen wrote his autobiography and brought down the house by naming it "Women Have Been Kind"? In this country of ours, harried by taxes and chivvied by Red Russia though it may be, *everybody* is kind. Americans are the friendliest, warmest, most enthusiastic people on earth, and, with a few justifiable exceptions, I love them all!

BOOK BUSINESS ON THE PACIFIC COAST is booming—particularly at Bob Campbell's and Ralph Treadwell's bailiwicks at UCLA and in one side-street shop in San Francisco that announces proudly, "This is headquarters for suppressed books!" . . . . Not too far from it is the Bon Vivant Delicatessen, specializing, its proprietors emphasize, in "kosher dishes avec schmaltz." . . . Lou Epstein's flourishing book emporium in Hollywood has a gimmick that is boosting sales: a basket near the entrance with a sign reading, "These books arrived just this morning." A certain number of customers always love to be among the first to discover a new best seller. . . . The new Vroman store in Pasadena will be open by July. It will be one of the country's finest. Meanwhile the Vroman warehouse, constantly expanding, is bursting at the seams. Biggest lot of books I saw at one time since Horace Liveright authorized returns of "The Story of the Bible"! Leslie Hood, watching a Santa Fe switching engine back a carload of his own books onto his own siding and into his own receiving depot looked pleased as Punch and said, "I knew when we licked Wisconsin in the Rose Bowl game we were in for a great year all around!"

BOOK MEN who have been patronizing the recently opened Statler Hotel in Los Angeles are not too deeply impressed. The decor, they complain, is aggressively modern, the service indifferent, the racket made by an endless succession of conventioneers deafening. Nevertheless, the morning dropped in with Otis Yost, of Vroman's, the hotel was turning 'em away and I understand it's been jammed to

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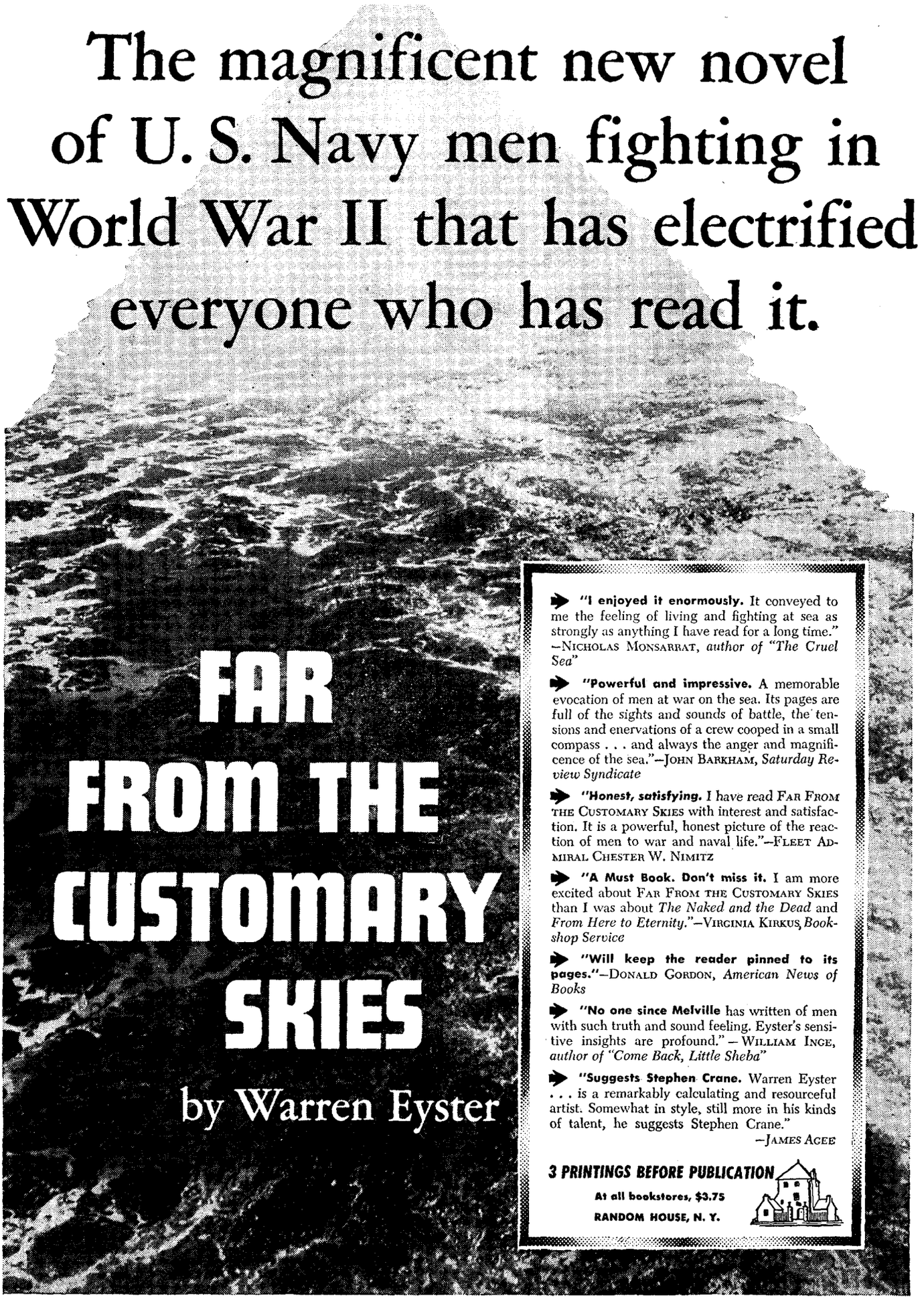

➧ **"I enjoyed it enormously.** It conveyed to me the feeling of living and fighting at sea as strongly as anything I have read for a long time." —NICHOLAS MONSARRAT, *author of "The Cruel Sea"*

➧ **"Powerful and impressive.** A memorable evocation of men at war on the sea. Its pages are full of the sights and sounds of battle, the tensions and enervations of a crew cooped in a small compass . . . and always the anger and magnificence of the sea."—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

➧ ***"Honest, satisfying.*** I have read FAR FROM THE CUSTOMARY SKIES with interest and satisfaction. It is a powerful, honest picture of the reaction of men to war and naval life."—FLEET ADMIRAL CHESTER W. NIMITZ

➧ **"A Must Book. Don't miss it.** I am more excited about FAR FROM THE CUSTOMARY SKIES than I was about *The Naked and the Dead* and *From Here to Eternity.*"—VIRGINIA KIRKUS, *Bookshop Service*

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➧ **"No one since Melville** has written of men with such truth and sound feeling. Eyster's sensitive insights are profound." — WILLIAM INGE, *author of "Come Back, Little Sheba"*

➧ **"Suggests Stephen Crane.** Warren Eyster . . . is a remarkably calculating and resourceful artist. Somewhat in style, still more in his kinds of talent, he suggests Stephen Crane."
—JAMES AGEE

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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

If you are the serious traveller to Mexico, eager to understand as well as to see, many questions will occur to you when you break away from the paved roads and look at the human landscape. You will want to take a journey of another kind—into Mexico's past—and for that we can recommend a copy of Lesley Byrd Simpson's Many Mexicos ($5.00).

The Mexicans behave like Mexicans, Simpson says, "not because of any novel departures in their current forms of government, but rather because of the immense weight of habit formed through uncounted centuries. The study of habit gives meaning to history, and history will help us to understand ourselves, and in this case that fascinating abstraction we know as Mexico."

This book is an informal history, tracing the forces that have made the country what it is today—the physical landscape; the food habits; the clash of races and cultures; the men, good or evil, whose names are on the monuments and in the minds of the people; the art and religion, brought from Spain or made in Mexico; the wars, conquests, and revolutions; and finally the new problems of a rising industrialization. And pervading all this is a rich understanding of the "cultural landscape."

Professor Simpson's comments on the contemporary scene, apart from the historical chapters, are based on several years' residence in Mexico and on conversations with schoolteachers, bartenders, and engineers; with college professors, bootblacks, and train conductors; with writers, barbers, and baggage smashers. He writes with a sharp wit and a strength of feeling that has led some tender-skinned traditionalists to call this most scholarly book (in the true sense) unscholarly. But for the tough-minded, who are not afraid of disagreement, for the hardy reader who knows that behind every opinion stands a man, there is no better introduction to the complex culture of our first neighbor to the south.

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capacity ever since opening day. Evidently this is the kind of hostelry travelers want today, and they'll be patient while the notably efficient Statler staff irons out the kinks. . . . I was amused to hear that a stretcher is stored permanently just under the escalators leading from the entrance to the lobby floor; it's taken for granted that at regular intervals a hopped-up delegate will fall head over heels and require surgical repairs. . . . If all the work accomplished by most delegates at America's never-ending conventions was stretched end to end it would reach halfway around Herman Hickman.

IRVING HOFFMAN'S DAILY COLUMN, "Tales of Hoffman," no longer appears in the *Hollywood Reporter,* and the *Reporter* won't be the same—if at all—without it. For a while Hoffman will stick to his resolution to abandon column writing, but TRADE WINDS offers ten to one that, like dozens before him, the smell of printers' ink will become too strong, and back he'll come to the chores. Good guy, good writer, good friend. . . . Meanwhile, the film capital's alert Mike Connolly, Herb Stein, and Sheilah Graham continue to harvest news leads and witticisms that nationally syndicated columnists just happen to "originate" themselves a week or so later. . . . It was Sheilah who first reported that of the twenty doctors who switched to Camels eighteen had gone back to women. Also that Joan Davis had discovered a new girdle destined to entrance the nation's fat ladies. "It's wonderful, wonderful," enthused Miss Davis, "but there's one slight drawback: my face turns blue!" . . . . San Francisco also boasts a couple of tremendously popular local columnists: Herb Caen and Stan Delaplane. Doubleday already has bestowed the accolade of publication in book form upon Caen, and now Stan is being admitted to the same rarefied atmosphere. "Postcards from Delaplane" covers amusing aspects of life in these parts and abroad, seen through the eyes of an observant and witty commentator. The day I was in San Francisco copies were plastered in the windows of every bookstore and travel agency.

ARE YOU CONVINCED that traffic conditions in your own home town are worse than they possibly can be anywhere else? Delaplane's summary of the situation in Rio de Janeiro may cause you to change your mind:

> I am told that Brazilian traffic laws allow the driver to sue a pedestrian if he hits him. I hear, too, that in case of a bad accident it is customary for all hands to take it on the

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and that's always something, but by no means the only attractive thing about

SHEED & WARD'S OWN TRUMPET

It's a 12-page small-newspaper-size bulletin we publish four times a year. We send it free and postpaid on the quite well-founded theory that it may persuade you to buy a book. The contents are new and reprinted book reviews, extracts from books to come, news of authors (when they provide any) and a great many illustrations by Jean Charlot, who is responsible for the one above.

In the current number you will find much about a play by **Chesterton, THE SURPRISE ($1.50),** written six years before his death, but unpublished and unknown till now. (It has an introduction by **Dorothy Sayers** and a fairly brisk argument is developing about whether it means what she thinks it does or something quite else.) Also there's a review from England of a literary biography, **SIGRID UNDSET ($3.00)** by **A. H. Winsnes,** a Norwegian whose background matches hers. She discussed the manuscript with him a few months before her death, and thought it good. Msgr. Knox's new book, **THE HIDDEN STREAM ($3.00)** is reviewed and **RECENT THOUGHT IN FOCUS ($3.50)** by **Donald Nicholl.** This last is on the considerable amount of truth to be found in the modern philosophies—existentialism, Freudianism, phenomenology and so on—even if you can't go all the way with them.

Well, as we said, the Trumpet comes free and postpaid—to get it write to Elizabeth MacGill

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lam, leaving the wreckage in the street. If the law does not lay hands on you for forty-eight hours, there can be no further action. If you run somebody down, therefore, and it is obvious they are too dead for you to sue them, you just disappear for forty-eight hours and come back and get your car later. This seems like a civilized attitude. And if they ever import it to the USA, I know a number of people who had better climb a lamppost when I drive down the street!

Speaking of travel, there are two other new books on the market that will double the pleasure of a tourist's trip abroad this summer, and save him a boodle of money at the same time: Dave Dodge's high-spirited and revealing "The Poor Man's Guide to Europe" and Dick Joseph's "World Wide Travel Guide." I advise you not only to tuck these two volumes in your valise but to consult them confidently and often.

A HEARTENING DEVELOPMENT while I was on the Coast was the ear-marking of fifteen million dollars by the Ford Foundation to establish the Fund for the Republic, designed to fight restrictions in the U. S. on freedom of thought, inquiry, and expression. The boys on the extreme right have been riding far, wide, and handsome in recent months, and it's time for a responsible, above-suspicion agency to stop them in their tracks. With Paul Hoffman at its head, and a list of a hundred directors of the highest order to back him up, the Fund for the Republic may again make America a land where, in the words of Adlai Stevenson, "it's safe to be unpopular." My talk with Paul Hoffman on the Coast gave me a lift I won't forget. One of the main objectives of the black reactionaries has been to frighten liberals into abject silence. They've been succeeding all too well. In Hollywood, radio, and TV, in particular, they've already made a mockery of civil liberties and fair play. The swinging into action of the Fund for the Republic may turn the tide once and for all.

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 993)

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"I don't know what it is," he said, "hanged if I do, but the women ashore look different. They aren't dressed the same." . . . It was her luck to have arrived home after a forty-six-month voyage in the Pacific to find that hoopskirts had gone out of fashion.

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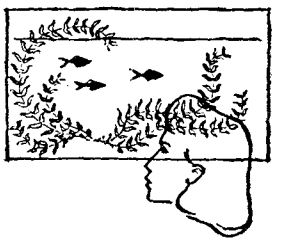

Stephania

This is a book that encloses a world. It is a hospital world, sealed and tidy to the outsider's eye, but vibrant with its special language and its private history for the inhabitant; a world of gossip polished and handed on like treasure, a world of emotion heightened by a sense of separateness. Three women live at the core of this enclosed space, each has brought with her something of the outside world, something of memory and desire, some dream of a future recapturing the past. This is the setting for Stephania; the story of her challenge to pain is a profoundly moving portrait of strength in our timorous age.

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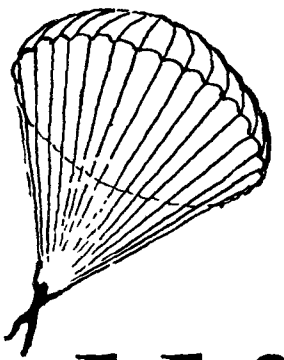

Bruce Marshall, whose fame is great as a novelist, has turned to a new medium in this deeply-felt tribute to a friend — and has written a book that has become a runaway best seller.

The White Rabbit

"In the literature of World War II, many tales have been told of imprisonments, almost incredible escapes, brave and courageous acts by little known or well known men, but I can recall none to equal the story of Britain's famous secret agent, known to the French underground more generally as 'Shelley'. For sheer adventure it is more thrilling than any fiction would dare to be. But the story itself, told by Bruce Marshall, author of *Father Malachy's Miracle,* is one of those great chronicles of man's spirit, the ability of an inspired human being to survive and succeed and to lead others with him . . . to tell the whole story here would be to deprive the reader of knowing a very brave Englishman as characterized in true life by a master of fictional characterization."

— *John H. Thompson, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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Remembrances of H. G. Wells

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Somerset Maugham

I MET H. G. Wells for the first time at a flat which Reggie Turner had near Berkeley Square. I was living then in Mount Street and sometimes I would drop in to see him. Reggie Turner was on the whole the most amusing man I have known. I will not attempt to describe his humor, since Max Beerbohm has done it to perfection in the essay called "Laughter." Reggie was not so well pleased as he might have been with this flattering tribute because Max had added that he was not very responsive to the humor of others. He asked me if it was true, and I was bound to admit that it was. Reggie liked an audience, though he was quite content with one of three or four, and then he would take a theme and embroider upon it with such drollery that he made your sides to ache with laughter that at last you had to beg him to stop. He was by way of being a novelist, but somehow, when he took up his pen his gayety, his extravagant invention, his lightness deserted him, and his novels were dull. They were unsuccessful. He said of them: "With most novelists it's their first edition that is valuable, but with mine it's the second. It doesn't exist." I will set down here a quip of his because I do not think it is well known. He was one of the few of Oscar Wilde's friends who remained faithful to him after his disgrace. Reggie was in Paris when Wilde, living in a cheap, dingy hotel on the left bank of the Seine, was dying. Reggie went to see him every day. One morning he found him distraught. He asked him what was the matter. "I had a terrible dream last night," said Oscar. "I dreamt I was supping with the dead." "Well," said Reggie, "I'm sure you were the life and soul of the party, Oscar." Wilde burst into a roar of laughter and regained his spirits. It was not only witty, but kind.

On the day on which I was first introduced to H. G. he had been lunching with Reggie and they had gone back to his flat to continue their conversation. H. G. was then, I suppose, at the height of his fame. I had not expected to find him there and was slightly disconcerted. I had recently made a success as a dramatist which the newspapers described as spectacular, but I was well aware that I had thereby lost caste with the intelligentsia. H. G. was cordial enough, but, perhaps because I was sensitive, I received the impression that he looked upon me with a sort of off-hand amusement as he might have looked upon Arthur Roberts or Dan Leno. He was busy reconstructing the world according to his own notions of how it should be shaped, and he had no time for anyone who was not with him, so that he could be enlisted to serve his ideas, or against him, so that he could be reasoned with, argued with, and, if not brought round, ignominiously discarded.

THOUGH after that I saw him now and then, it was not till a number of years later, when I had settled down on the Riviera and H. G. had a house there too at which he spent a considerable part of the year, that our slight acquaintance ripened into friendship. Later still, when he had parted with the companion who shared the house with him (carved on the chimney-piece in the sitting room was the phrase: "This house was built by two lovers") and abandoned it to her, he would from time to time come to stay with me. He was very good company. He was not a wit as Max Beerbohm or Reggie Turner was, but he had a lively sense of humor and could laugh at himself as well as at others. Once he asked me to lunch to meet Barbusse, the author of a novel called "Le Feu" that had made a great stir. It is a long time ago and I can only remember that Barbusse was a long, thin, hirsute man dressed in shabby black like a mute at a French funeral. He had dark angry eyes and a restless manner. He was an ardent, violent Socialist and his speech was torrential. Though H. G. understood French well enough he spoke it haltingly, so that

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Somerset Maugham's article is drawn from his book of essays "The Vagrant Mood," published last week by Doubleday & Co. Copyright 1953 by W. Somerset Maugham.

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Barbusse had the conversation pretty much to himself. He treated us as though we were a public meeting. When he left, H. G. turned to me with a wry smile and said: "How silly our own ideas sound when we hear them out of somebody else's mouth." He was sharp-witted and, though apt to find persons who didn't agree with him stupid and so objects of ridicule, the humor he exercised at their expense was devoid of malice.

H. G. had strong sexual instincts and he said to me more than once that the need to satisfy these instincts had nothing to do with love. It was a purely physiological matter. If humor, as some say, is incompatible with love, then H. G. was never in love, for he was keenly alive to what was rather absurd in the objects of his unstable affections and sometimes seemed almost to look upon them as creatures of farce. He was incapable of the idealization of the desired person which most of us experience when we fall in love. If his companion was not intelligent he soon grew bored with her, and if she was, her intelligence sooner or later palled on him. He did not like his cake unsweetened and if it was sweet it cloyed. He loved his liberty and when he found that a woman wished to restrict it he became exasperated and somewhat ruthlessly broke off the connection. Sometimes this was not so easily done and he had to put up with scenes and recriminations that even he found difficult to treat with levity. He was, of course, like most creative persons self-centered. That to sever a tie that had lasted for years might cause the other party pain and humiliation appeared to him merely silly. I was somewhat closely concerned in one of these upheavals in his life, and speaking of the trouble it was causing him, he said: "You know, women often mistake possessiveness for passion and when they are left it is not so much that their heart is broken as that their claim to property is repudiated." He thought it unreasonable that what on his side was merely the relaxation from what he regarded as his life's work on the other might be enduring passion. This he aroused. It surprised me, since his physical appearance was not particularly pleasing. He was fat and homely. I once asked one of his mistresses what especially attracted her in him. I expected her to say his acute mind and his sense of fun; not at all; she said that his body smelt of honey.

Notwithstanding H. G.'s immense reputation and the great influence he had had on his contemporaries, he was devoid of conceit. There was nothing of the stuffed shirt in him. He never put on airs. He had naturally good manners and he would treat some unknown scribbler, the assistant librarian, for instance, of a provincial library, with the same charming civility as if he were as important as himself. It was only later that by a grin and a quip you could tell what a donkey he had thought him. I remember attending a dinner of the PEN, of which H. G. was then president. There were a great many people present and after H. G. had read a report a number of them got up to ask questions. Most of them were silly, but H. G. replied to them all with great courtesy. One thickly bearded man, which marked him out as a conscious intellectual, leapt to his feet time and time again to make short speeches of a singular ineptitude and it was only too obvious that he was trying merely to attract attention to himself. H. G. could have crushed him with a report, but he listened to him attentively and then reasoned with him as if he had been talking sense. After the proceedings were over I told H. G. how much I admired the wonderful patience with which he had dealt with the silly fellow. He chuckled and said: "When I was a member of the Fabian Society I got a lot of practice in dealing with fools."

—*Max Beerbohm (Bettmann Archive).*

"Prophet and Idealist, Conjuring Up the Darling Future."

HE HAD no illusions about himself as an author. He always insisted that he made no pretension to be an artist. That was, indeed, something he despised rather than admired, and when he spoke of Henry James, an old friend, who claimed perhaps a little too often that he was an artist and nothing else, it was good-humoredly to ridicule him. "I'm not an author," H. G. would say, "I'm a publicist. My work is just high-class journalism." On one occasion, after he had been staying with me, he sent me a complete edition of his works and next time he came he saw them displayed in an imposing row on my shelves. They were well printed on good paper and handsomely bound in red. He ran his finger along them and with a cheerful grin said: "They're as dead as mutton, you know. They all dealt with matters of topical interest and now that the matters aren't topical any more they're unreadable." There is a good deal of truth in what he said. He had a fluent pen and too often it ran away with him. I have never seen any of his manuscripts, but I surmise that he wrote with facility and corrected little. He had a way of repeating in one sentence, but in other words, exactly what he said in the previous one. I suppose it was because he was so full of the idea he wanted to express that he was not satisfied to say it only once. It made him unnecessarily verbose.

H. G.'s theory of the short story was a sensible one. It enabled him to write a number that were very good and several that were masterly. His theory of the novel was different. His early novels, which he had written to earn a living, did not accord with it and he spoke of them slightingly. His notion was that the function of the novelist was to deal with the pressing problems of the day and to persuade the reader to adopt the views for the betterment of the world which he, H. G., held. He was fond of likening the novel to a woven tapestry of varied interest, and he would not accept my objection that after all a

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tapestry has unity. The artist who designed it has given it form, balance, coherence, and arrangement. It is not a jumble of unrelated items.

His later novels are, if not, as he said, unreadable, at least difficult to read with delight. You begin to read them with interest, but as you go on you find your interest dwindle and it is only by an effort of will that you continue to read. I think "Tono Bungay" is generally considered his best novel. It is written with his usual liveliness, though perhaps the style is better suited to a treatise than to a novel, and the characters are well presented. He has deliberately avoided the suspense which most novelists attempt to create and he tells you more or less early on what is going to happen. His theory of the novelist's function allows him to digress abundantly, which, if you are interested in the characters and their behavior, can hardly fail to arouse in you some impatience.

One day when he was staying with me, in the course of conversation he made the remark: "I am only interested in people in the mass, I'm indifferent to the individual." Then with a smile: "I like you, in fact I've got a real affection for you, but I'm not interested in you." I laughed. I knew it was true. "I'm afraid I can't multiply myself by ten thousand to arouse your interest, old boy," I said. "Ten thousand?" he cried. "That's nothing. Ten million." During the course of his life he came in contact with a great many people, but with rare exceptions, though consistently pleasant and courteous, they made no more impression on him than the "extras" who compose the crowd in a moving picture.

I think that is why his novels are less satisfactory than one would have liked them to be. The people he puts before you are not individuals, but lively and talkative marionettes whose function it is to express the ideas he was out to attack or to defend. They do not develop according to their dispositions, but change for the purposes of the theme. It is as though a tadpole did not become a frog, but a squirrel—because you had a cage that you wanted to pop him into. H. G. seems often to have grown tired of his characters before he was halfway through and then, frankly discarding any attempt at characterization, he becomes an out-and-out pamphleteer. One curious thing that you can hardly help noticing if you have read most of H. G.'s novels is that he deals with very much the same people in book after book. He appears to have been content to use with little variation the few persons

(*Continued on page 68*)

—*Bettmann Archive.*

"No, Sir Joshua, you may *not* make me known to Dr. Johnson."

A Plea for Literary Mayhem

RICHARD HANSER

"I HAVE had great pleasure in reading Jean-Paul Sartre's latest novel," said François Mauriac not long ago, pausing a moment before adding the stinger, "—and in finding that it was extremely bad."

This openly malicious flick by a Nobel Prize winner at one of his leading contemporaries is merely the most recent instance of how much saltier the literary life is in France than over here, where a suffocating decorum tends to deaden and flatten almost everything printed and publicly said about books and their authors. Our literary feuds, when there are any, are usually conducted with an anemic propriety that reduces everything to impersonal generalities and polite tsk-tsks, leaving the participants unscarred and the public unmoved. In political dispute we slash and hack and rip and bludgeon, and the arena is invariably heaped high with mangled corpses and bleeding survivors. But in our literary tussles a galloping leukemia inexplicably sets in, and nobody ever gets hurt.

There is no earthly reason why writers at odds with each other should be any more gentlemanly than rival candidates for Congress, and the whole history of literature shows that writers usually *are* at odds with each other. ("How odious all authors are," observed Henry Edward Fox, Fourth Lord Holland, "and how doubly so to each other!") In the current tameness of the American literary scene, the crime of dulness is compounded by the sin of hypocrisy.

We are likely to be pretty patronizing to the Victorians, imagining that we live in a more full-blooded and forthright age, but in literary matters our own time has every reason to blush for its virility in comparison. The Victorians were passionate about literature, and their celebrated sense of propriety went down the drain when bookish vendettas flared.

Swinburne, for example, once told Edmund Gosse that he was quarreling with Emerson by mail. "I hope your language was quite moderate," Gosse said.

"Perfectly moderate!" Swinburne replied. "I merely informed him, in language of the strictest reserve, that he was a hoary-headed and toothless baboon, who, first lifted into notice on the shoulder of Carlyle, now spits and splutters from a filthier platform of his own finding and fouling. That is all I said."

Carlyle, for his part, refused to meet Swinburne, saying he did not care to be introduced to anyone "who was sitting in a sewer and adding to it." There is, of course, nothing in current literary criticism to compare with the savagery of Carlyle's com-

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ment on the authors who came under his baleful scrutiny. He referred to the "saloon arrogance" of Macaulay and called Herbert Spencer "the most unending ass in Christendom." And when he really wound up and lifted one from the floor, the resulting impact was positively atomic.

Carlyle on Charles Lamb: "A more pitiful, ricketty, gasping, staggering, stammering Tomfool I do not know . . . Poor England, when such a despicable abortion is named genius!"

On Coleridge: "He mounts scaffold, pulleys, and tackle, and gathers all the tools in the neighborhood with labor, with noise, demonstration, precept, abuse—and sets three bricks."

The general feeling of the Victorian literati for each other, and their delicacy in expressing it, is further indicated by the following characteristic snatch of dialogue:

Carlyle: "Do you know De Quincey?"

Southey: "Yes, Sir, and if you have an opportunity, I'll thank you to tell him he is one of the greatest scoundrels living!"

Carlyle himself, naturally, did not come off unscathed in the round-robin of abuse which enlivened *belles-lettres* before they went panty-waist in the twentieth century. Henry James, Sr., dismissed Carlyle as "the same old sausage, fizzing and sputtering in his own grease," and Samuel Butler extended his malice to include not only Thomas but his wife as well: "It was very good of God to let Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle marry one another and so make only two people miserable instead of four, besides being very amusing . . ."

With that sweeping contempt which so many writers seem to harbor for other writers, Butler also paid his respects to another famous contemporary. Of Rossetti, he wrote: "I dislike his face, and his manner, and his work, and I hate his poetry and his friends."

The whole Victorian literary set, in fact, excoriated each other publicly and privately in a way that seems almost barbarous when contrasted with our own milksop delicacy in these matters. It was practically a condition of survival to be equipped as Jane Carlyle was alleged to have been—"with a tongue like a cat's, which would take the skin off at a touch."

THESE days when a critic does occasionally ruffle an artist whose work he has discussed with something short of adulation, the victim responds, if at all, with a shy letter to the editor pointing out that, to be sure, the critic is entitled to his opinion—but wasn't he a wee mite hasty in saying so-and-so when, in all truth, this-and-that was really the case? These watery protests are usually printed on the back pages with an apologetic reply from the critic, who hastens to assure one and all that his intentions were of the best and he wouldn't dream of hurting anybody's feelings for the world. This is about what a critic vs. artist feud amounts to in these tepid days of misplaced *politesse* in the literary supplements.

We are never entertained any more by kicking and gouging matches of the kind that, say, Whistler and Ruskin indulged in while an enthusiastic public cheered the contestants on, and the law was invoked to settle the issue. A typical poison spray from Whistler, though delivered in genteel literary terms, left no doubt at all as to how he felt about his opponent: ". . . a verbosity and flow of language that would, could he hear it, give Titian the same shock of surprise that was Balaam's when the first great critic proffered his opinion." And Ruskin, from the hushed and hallowed halls of Oxford, let fly with his own brand of grapeshot: "I have seen, and heard, much of the cockney impudence before now: but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

If this wasn't shooting talk, it at least called for legal action—and got it. Whistler was awarded one farthing's damages.

In the pervading apathy in our own literary scene, this brand of fang-and-claw combat is virtually extinct. Who nowadays lashes at the critics as Shelley did? "I have neither curiosity interest, pain nor pleasure, in anything, good or evil, they can say to me. I feel only a slight disgust, and a sort of wonder that they presume to write my name."

And how sere and juiceless the tortured refinements of our New Criticism seem when compared with the hearty, meat-cleaver judgment

(*Continued on page* 64)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"I HAVE DONE THE STATE SOME SERVICE"

Many eminent writers have been efficient public servants. Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, asks you to identify ten who have combined a government career with the literary life. Allowing ten points for each identification, sixty is fair, seventy good, and eighty mighty fine. Answers on page 45.

1. Surveyor in the Salem custom-house and later consul at Liverpool, he is famed for his psychological short stories and novels.
2. Maintaining a rigorous daily writing schedule, he produced many novels during his years in the postal service at home (England, Ireland) and on errands abroad (Egypt, India).
3. It is still a mystery just what "matters touching the benefit of his country" sent abroad this short-lived poet, greatest British dramatist before Shakespeare, but since he thereby "had done Her Majesty good service," Lords of the Privy Council urged Cambridge to award him the M.A. he had earned.
4. Author of political and social novels, as prime minister of England he served another Queen with brilliant success.
5. Known for his broad vision and sympathy with all types of people, one of America's most original poets worked as an army nurse during the War of 1861-65 and later as a clerk in the Department of the Interior.
6. Author of the greatest epic in our language, he served the Commonwealth as Latin Secretary, application to the tasks of which office caused blindness in his already weak eyes.
7. Most distinguished poet of England's Middle Ages, he led a busy life as commercial agent in Italy, customs official in London, Clerk of the King's Work, and Deputy Crown Forester.
8. Author of one of the greatest American novels and many other sea stories, he spent the last two decades of his life as a customs inspector in New York, virtually unknown.
9. Oxford humanist and author of the most famous of utopian writings, he held many public offices, including that of Lord Chancellor, but was beheaded for refusing to take the Oath of Supremacy.
10. Author of Spain's greatest novel, he fought in the battle of Lepanto, served as king's messenger, and was made "Deputy Purveyor to the Fleet" with duties of provisioning the Invincible Armada.

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Hatred on the Party Line

OF considerably more interest than the play [at the Children's Theatre] was the half-hour lecture given from the platform just before curtain time. The audience consisted of approximately two hundred Soviet children, ranging in age from eight to eighteen (most of them Pioneers and Komosomols), who filled about half of the hall. The majority of these must have known about the lecture beforehand, because it was with great reluctance that they left their ice cream, fruit drinks, cigarettes, and sly hand-holding in the lobby and buffet. As a result of the general disorderliness, the evening's entertainment began half an hour late. When the hall finally settled down to relative quiet, a half-frustrated, half-frantic gentleman appeared between the red plush curtains and announced that there would be a lecture on "The Struggle of Youth for Peace Throughout the World." Then, three times, he asked for attention and silence. At that point, a humorless young woman primly walked to the lectern, opened a sheaf of papers, and began to read her lecture hurriedly and monotonously. There was still a great buzz of conversation in the hall, and the master of ceremonies again popped out between the curtains and *begged* everybody to be quiet. Once again the lecturer started, and then, for thirty minutes, took us on a tour of the world, country by country, and, sentence by sentence, repeated the anti-American phrases of the central press and radio. The undercurrent of talk, punctuated by the girls' giggling, continued throughout the lecture—but, at the same time, many of the children listened with wide eyes and frightening credulity. Here, in this small example, as in almost all instances in the U.S.S.R., it was difficult and dangerous to generalize about opinion outside the Kremlin walls: the evidence was contradictory, fifty-fifty.

* * *

Recently a young British woman acquaintance had, on a train trip to Smolensk, an episode worth relating. In the corridor of her car, she was approached by a Soviet army officer who was obviously, she said, in search of feminine company. However, when this officer, a major, found out that she was English, his manner changed abruptly and he launched into a denunciation of the West in the best agitator's style, with most of the Russian travelers in the corridor for an audience. On leave-taking at Smolensk, the major turned to this British girl, and said: "Perhaps we shall meet again someday—in London."

"Under what circumstances?" she asked in surprise.

"I am sure that the Soviet Army will have to intervene, sooner or later, to save the British from the clutches of the Americans," he replied. "The Russian people cannot stand idly by and watch their comrades suffer."

* * *

As a footnote to yesterday's "exhibit" of the hate-America campaign, I must make this additional—and important—comment:

The Russian people do *not* hate you and me—yet.

When I first arrived in Russia, I, like every other American here, was stunned by the ferocity and scale of the operation. And I could understand (a little, anyway) the fears of some of our Embassy people that they might be attacked on the street, that they might be assaulted by individual

—"Interior," from "Low and Inside," by Osborn.

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Russians maddened by hate and fear. But I now know that in judging the reaction of the Russian people to the Kremlin campaign, newcomers to the U.S.S.R. must always remember that the Party line has been shifted so often, that propaganda has been switched in so many directions throughout so many years, that the average Russian by this time is often quite immune to poison. And so, really, I shouldn't be too surprised that the Russians do not, indeed, act as though they hated me in the prescribed manner.

Put it another way: If the Russians really did believe in their hearts what they read and hear all day long, they certainly would show personal animosity in one way or another—and I wouldn't blame them. The point is: they don't.

—From "A Window on Red Square," the diary of Frank Rounds, Jr., a young American in Moscow, 1951-52 (to be published by Houghton Mifflin).

—By Reginald Marsh, from "The Legendary Mizners."

Persian Courtship

THE other day I wrote a letter to a girl friend in Persia and I told her that I still like best the Persian way of choosing a wife for a man. Women can see reality, real virtues, important things. Not for them will a pretty face cover a lot of evil temper and unclean thoughts.

The wife of a very exceptional American man once asked me, "What are you going to do when you finish school here?"

She is an intelligent woman, much interested in what is happening all over the world, so I began to tell her about my plans. In a moment I realized that she had asked the question to make conversation so I brought my remarks to a fast finish.

"You don't want to do that," she said. "Why don't you catch an American husband?"

"Catch?" I said. "Catch?"

"Yes, I caught mine. He did not think of marrying me at first, so I told him I wanted to marry him and he agreed."

I know that she is joking but still I don't like the American word "catch." At college I do not like the way American girls display themselves for the men. I suppose that I am truly ancient in my ideas about marriage.

I have watched the courtship of my two brothers with my mother doing the courting. Both of my brothers married friends of our family. Much of the regular procedure was eliminated. My mother had known the girls since they were little children so she did not have to set an inquiry around in the bathhouse. But there was other procedure she did follow.

It is the custom for the mother, with as many female relatives as care to make the call, to send a servant ahead to announce that she is making a call, object matrimony for her son. She goes into the house. The call is a polite one, but all eyes are open. The girl knows the eyes are upon her and she feels her knees knocking together, her smile made of cardboard on her face, her hands trembling. For this call she has prepared herself without make-up. Make-up might hide a blemish which the mother must see if she is not to be deceived. If her hair is straight it is combed straight, not "set" in handmade waves. My curly hair was born with me so I do not need to wear my hair straight for the suitors.

I have heard that some suitors rub the girl's hair between their fingers, even examine the teeth for strength and whiteness and wholeness. Most suitors, I think, can see these things without such an examination.

At the end of the ordeal the girl pours tea and shows her knowledge of grace and etiquette. If she is a musician she may sing or play a musical instrument, or if she is a dancer she may dance one of the traditional dances of my country.

Oh, the trying hour when the teapot feels as if it must jump from the hand; when the tea cup tries of itself to bounce upon the carpet!

Once outside the house there is much talking between the female suitors. "I saw—" says one. "You did!" The other rolls the eyes in disbelief. "Well, the thing I noticed was—" There is nothing left undiscussed.

If the suitors are pleased with the girl, with her accomplishments, with the wealth and position of her family, next time, very soon, the prospective groom will visit, too. The man will be older than the girl, maybe five years or so. Or maybe he will be a middle-aged or even old man looking for a wife to take the place of one lost by death or to add to his harem.

—From "Persia Is My Heart," by Najmeh Najafi, as told to Helen Hinckley (to be published April 15 by Harper).

Back from the Brute

THE typical book titles of our age are not "The Age of Reason" (typical eighteenth-century title of Paine), but "The Age of Longing," "The Age of Anxiety," "The Politics of Murder," "The Strategy of Terror," "The Age of Terror." Such represen-

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tative book titles, with their mood of 1983 and eleven months, could only have been written in the century of which Nietzsche had prophesied: "With every growth in man's stature, he grows in depth and terribleness too. Where are the Vandals of the twentieth century?"

Well, here they are. The whole intellectual life of the eighteenth-century "age of reason" was aroused to white-hot indignation over one individual miscarriage of justice: the famous Calas case. Yet in our "age of terror," the mass-murder of millions in Hitler's and Stalin's slave camps was long met with indifference and even appeasement. Why? The communazi "Vandals of the twentieth century" have emerged from *both* socialist and capitalist economic systems. Therefore, the "why" is found *not in economics* but in values, in our lack of *ethical* traffic lights.

Nietzsche had hoped for "a transvaluation of values." This was to lead "beyond good and evil." Instead, our devaluation of values is beneath good and evil.

Once man was considered God's image. Today he degenerates into mass-man. Then into ape. Then into a jungle beast of prey. Finally into a mere material object, from whose lard despots make soap and from whose skin the mistresses of despots make lampshades.

The way back to human dignity is for all creeds, right or left, monarchist or republican, capitalist or socialist, to treat man as an end, not a means. Man must be treated as a moral subject to revere individually, not a material object to push around in impersonal blueprints. Conservatives, liberals, parliamentary monarchists, parliamentary republicans, democratic capitalists, democratic socialists: all have in common certain values of humaneness and honest thinking. This is not true of the communazis. They—I refer to the rulers, not to their slaves—are not interested in humaneness and honest thinking to start with. They are howling in the savage outer darkness, beyond the metaphoric Roman *limes* of civilized humanity.

One relativist kind of liberal "knows the price of everything and the *value* of nothing." The function of humanistic conservatism in philosophy and in literature, a function from which political action follows merely as secondary, is the rediscovery of the values of western man. I can imagine a sarcastic liberal replying: "Your kind of conservative knows the value of everything and the realistic market price of nothing."

But have we not made a mess of reality by being too realistic? This is a plea for the material necessity of more idealism, for the economic necessity of more than economics, and for a road back from *Realpolitik* and brutalization.

—From "The Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals," by Peter Viereck (Beacon Press).

The Masters Meet

CHARLES Dickens came to Boston in November 1867 to begin those readings of his works which were to be heard and acclaimed throughout America. On November 18, when the tickets were put on sale, young Henry James turned up at the box office at 9 a.m. to find nearly one thousand persons waiting. "I don't expect to hear him," he wrote William. He expected even less to meet him.

A few evenings later Charles Eliot Norton was host at Shady Hill to the visiting celebrity. It was a brilliant dinner party and the elder Henry James was among the guests. His son was invited to drop in later in the evening. The small boy who had hugged the carpet in Fourteenth Street while he listened to "David Copperfield" was now twenty-four and about to set eyes on the author.

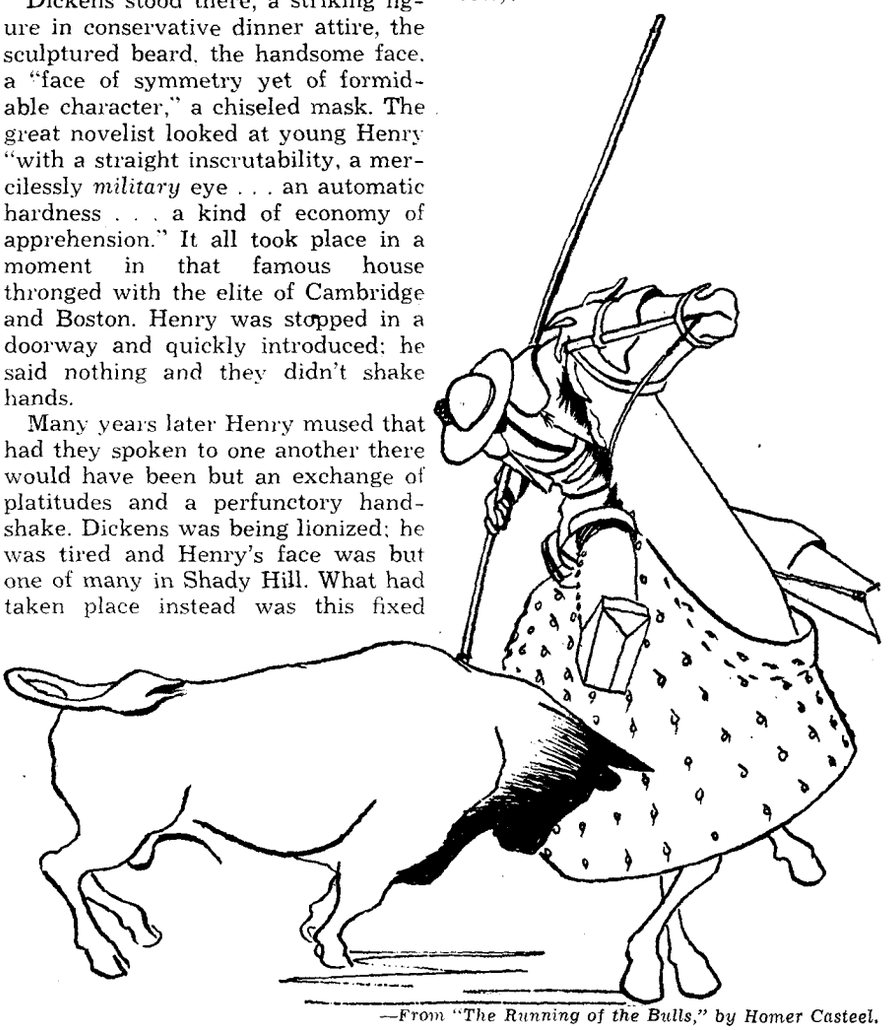
Dickens stood there, a striking figure in conservative dinner attire, the sculptured beard, the handsome face, a "face of symmetry yet of formidable character," a chiseled mask. The great novelist looked at young Henry "with a straight inscrutability, a mercilessly *military* eye . . . an automatic hardness . . . a kind of economy of apprehension." It all took place in a moment in that famous house thronged with the elite of Cambridge and Boston. Henry was stopped in a doorway and quickly introduced; he said nothing and they didn't shake hands.

Many years later Henry mused that had they spoken to one another there would have been but an exchange of platitudes and a perfunctory handshake. Dickens was being lionized; he was tired and Henry's face was but one of many in Shady Hill. What had taken place instead was this fixed look, acute and penetrating, of this "mercilessly military eye" and the return of his look by the nervous young writer.

"I saw the master—nothing could be more evident—in the light of an intense emotion, and I trembled, I remember, in every limb." Emotion, however, did not blur Henry's recording eye. The "exquisitely complicated image" remained and all the more vivid for not having spoken. "How tremendously it had been laid upon young persons of our generation to feel Dickens, down to the sole of our shoes . . . no other debt in our time had been piled so high. . . ." And it was as "a slim and shaken vessel of feeling" that Henry stood before the Master, then near the end of his life. Henry's father remembered the novelist as "saintly" in appearance. His son found in him an "essential radiance."

These were the impressions Henry James read into that fixed moment and brief encounter. For one "single impulse of time" they had met—a novelist of the past, a young novelist of the future.

—From "Henry James: The Untried Years, 1843-1870," by Leon Edel (to be published on April 29 by Lippincott).



—From "The Running of the Bulls," by Homer Casteel.

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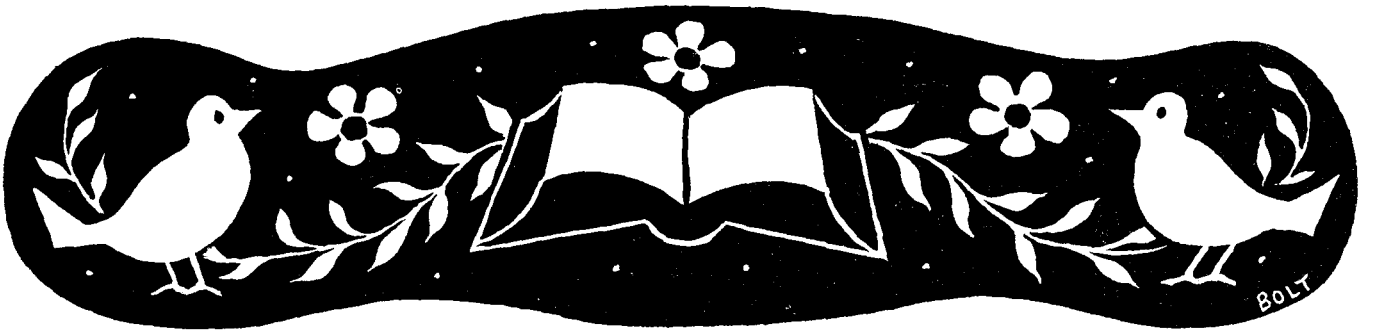

THE CRITICS SEPARATE WHEAT FROM CHAFF

The Nation's Reviewers Vote

SINCE the end of World War II, literary critics have been observing, with disconcerting frequency, that for either quality or interest, most of the fiction being published doesn't hold a candle to the books customarily described as "general." This spring, just as an experiment, we decided to ask the editors and critics who participate regularly in our seasonal polls simply to name the titles of ten new books they consider worthy of the attention of discriminating readers. We deliberately omitted the request, made in previous polls, that five titles be fiction and five general.

The results emphatically document the conclusion that fiction does not now occupy the center of the literary stage as it did a generation ago. Of the 115 titles named by the twenty-nine critics participating, sixty-eight, or approximately three-fifths, were general books and only forty-seven fiction.

The ten works suggested most frequently are:

"Who Speaks for Man?" by Norman Cousins, twelve votes.

"Annapurna," by Maurice Herzog, eleven votes.

"The World and the West," by Arnold J. Toynbee, ten votes.

"Always the Young Strangers," by Carl Sandburg, nine votes.

"The Man Whistler," by Hesketh Pearson, nine votes.

"Prince of Players," by Eleanor Ruggles, nine votes.

"Willa Cather: A Critical Biography," by E. K. Brown and Leon Edel, nine votes.

"A Good Man," by Jefferson Young, nine votes.

"Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage," by Ruth Painter Randall, eight votes.

"My Host the World," by George Santayana, eight votes.

Only one work of fiction—"Jefferson Young"—placed among the first ten.

In the hope that you will find the critics' recommendations useful as a guide to your spring reading, we publish the complete list below. The descriptions after the titles are the work of Siegfried Mandel, who compiles *SR*'s JUST PUBLISHED and FICTION OF THE WEEK lists each week. The names in brackets are those of the critics making the nominations.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

General

TWELVE VOTES

WHO SPEAKS FOR MAN? *By Norman Cousins. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.*

After describing journeys to Europe and the Far East, the editor of *The Saturday Review* blueprints proposals for global understanding and citizenship. (Derleth, Douglas, Hormel, Jackson, North, O'Neill, Parton, Perkin, Rothermel, Shockley, Tinkle, Washburn.)

ELEVEN VOTES

ANNAPURNA. *By Maurice Herzog. Translated by Nea Morin and Janet Adam Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.*

Among man's higher idiosyncrasies is his appetite for mountain climbing. Annapurna is in the Himalayas, the photos are a treat, and the text is geared to fascinate both would-be and complete initiates. (Barkham, Cady, Cross, Douglas, Hamby, Hormel, Jackson, North, Nelson, Sherman, Shockley.)

TEN VOTES

THE WORLD AND THE WEST. *By Arnold Toynbee. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.*

These British Broadcasting Corporation lectures by the noted historian center on Western aggressions and their impact on the rest of the world. (Babcock, Flowers, Hass, Kogan, North, O'Neill, Parton, Perkin, Rogers, Smith.)

NINE VOTES

ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS. *By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.*

A splendid record of almost total recall by Sandburg of his Midwestern upbringing, family life, and observation on a whole range of important events affecting American life as he knew it before 1900. (Barkham, Cross, Derleth, Hamby, Hormel, Nelson, Shockley, Smith, Snadjr.)

THE MAN WHISTLER. *By Hesketh Pearson. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.75.*

An anecdotal biography of James McNeill Whistler. The man is here in full-length portrait, if not his work or his times. (Babcock, Barkham, Bond, Hass, Herzberg, Kogan, Rogers, Rothermel, Sherman.)

PRINCE OF PLAYERS: *Edwin Booth. By Eleanor Ruggles. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $4.50*

A member of one of the most noted theatrical families in Thespian annals receives rounded biographical treatment. (Bond, Bradley, Cady, Hormel, Jackson, Shockley, Snadjr, Tinkle, Washburn.)

WILLA CATHER. *A Critical Biography. By E. K. Brown. Completed by Leon Edel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.*

The late University of Chicago English professor draws a great deal on the biographical material in Edith Lewis's "Willa Cather Living" and relates it to her creative work. (Douglas, Hass, Jackson, North, O'Neill, Sherman, Shockley, Tinkle, Washburn.)

EIGHT VOTES

MARY LINCOLN: *Biography of a Marriage. By Ruth Painter Randall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.75.*

A scholarly retracing and reexamination of the accounts given by numerous friends and calumniators of Lincoln's wife and later widow. Mrs. Randall presents an unequivocal bill of loyalty and love. (Bradley, Cady, Douglas, Hamby, Hormel, Sherman, Smith, Snadjr.)

MY HOST THE WORLD. *By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.*

Third and last in the series of reflective, autobiographical memoirs of the late philosopher. (Bond, Hass, North, Perkin, Shockley, Smith, Tinkle, Yeiser.)

SEVEN VOTES

HOLMES-LASKI LETTERS: *The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Harold J.*

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Laski, 1916-1935. Edited by Mark De Wolfe Howe. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. Two vols. $12.50.
The record of a memorable friendship between a venerable and sage American jurist and a young and bright British teacher. The larger part of the text is from Laski's pen. (Bond, Herzberg, Kogan, Rothermel, Snadjr, Tinkle, Yeiser.)

THE SILENT WORLD. *By J. Y. Cousteau and Frédéric Dumas. New York: Harper & Bros.* $4.
Exhibiting deep-sea initiative, the Frenchman Cousteau, by means of an oxygen-tank-fitted "aqua-lung," discarded conventional diving suits to explore hazardous parts of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. (Flowers, Hamby, Hormel, North, O'Neill, Parton, Shockley.)

THE WRITER IN AMERICA. *By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.
What is the atmosphere in which writers and critics work today and what are the attitudes of writer and critic that should cause concern? A noted American man of letters answers these questions in a series of essays. (Bond, Hass, North, Perkin, Rogers, Sherman, Smith.)

FIVE VOTES

THE BUFFALO WALLOW. *By Charles Tenney Jackson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.
Nostalgic recollections of boyhood in the 1880's on Nebraska's prairies. (Bond, Hass, Hormel, Perkin, Washburn.)

FOUR VOTES

CHARLES DICKENS: *His Tragedy and Triumph. By Edgar Johnson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 2 vols.* $10.
A full account of the Victorian novelist's life and work based on an exhaustive examination of the sources. (Bond, Cady, Smith, Washburn.)

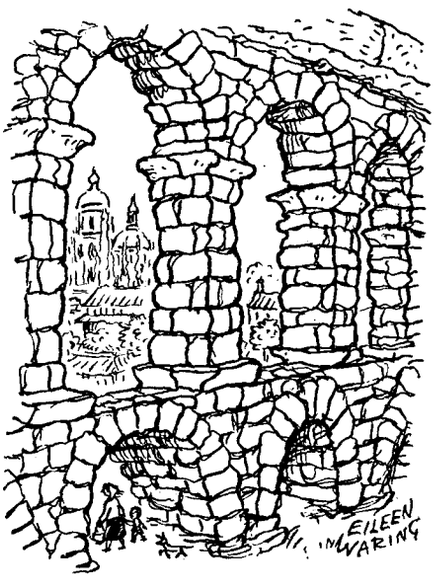
COLLECTED POEMS OF DYLAN THOMAS. *New York: New Directions.* $3.75.
A gathering of the work of the Welsh poet who is generally agreed to be one of the most gifted living writers of verse in English. (Bradley, Derleth, Parton, Tinkle.)

THE LEGENDARY MIZNERS. *By Alva Johnston. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young.* $3.75.
An expansion of *The New Yorker* profile of two fabulous brothers, one a versatile promoter, the other a fashionable architect. (Babcock, Herzberg, Kogan, Parton.)

SUCH, SUCH WERE THE JOYS. *By George Orwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.50.
A collection of searching essays on vital contemporary questions by the late author of "Nineteen Eighty-Four" fame. (Cross, North, Parton, Yeiser.)

THREE VOTES

THE FABULOUS FANNY. *By Norman Katkov. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.95.
Fanny Brice's career on the stage and in radio reconstructed from interviews with her friends and notes she left behind. (Hamby, Nelson, Shockley.)



THE SECOND SEX. *By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by H. M. Parshley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $10.
Exhaustively searching literature and social and psychological studies, the French writer touches a vital nerve with comments on woman's contemporary conflict between the sexual and the social. (Cross, Derleth, Parton.)

U.S. 40. *By George R. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* $5.
The portrait of a well-traveled transcontinental highway in text and photographs. (Hormel, Jackson, Sherman.)

TWO VOTES

LETTERS OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON. *Edited by Howard Mumford Jones. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $6.
To be published June 8. (Bradley, Sherman.)

MAKE ME AN OFFER. *By Wolf Mankowitz. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.
Mr. Mankowitz specializes in Wedgewood pottery and in this account describes his lifelong putterings. Of interest to antique-shoppers. (Nelson, Yeiser.)

THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM. *By Ogden Nash. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $3.
First appearance between book covers of recent poems by America's foremost writer of light verse. Reviewed in this issue. (Barkham, Herzberg.)

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. *By Howard Mumford Jones. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.* $3.50.
A history of the idea of the pursuit of happiness from the time it was nothing more than a glint in Thomas Jefferson's eye to the present. (Barkham, Perkin.)

THE ROMMEL PAPERS. *Edited by B. H. Liddell Hart. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $6.
A selection from what the brilliant German general left behind. To be published April 16. (Bond, Flowers.)

SHAME AND GLORY OF THE INTELLECTUALS. *By Peter Viereck. Boston: Beacon Press.* $4.
An attack on "mushy liberalism" by a spokesman for "the New Conservatism." (Derleth, Smith.)

ONE VOTE

AMERICANS AND CHINESE: *Two Ways of Life. By Francis L. K. Hsu. New York: Henry Schuman.* $4.
To be published April 25. (Kogan.)

BACK DOWN THE RIDGE. *By W. L. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.
The author of "They Were Expendable" turns attention to the "clobbered"—that is the wounded—in Korea and describes how they are evacuated. A realistic documentary. (Jackson.)

BIG BUSINESS: A New Era. *By David E. Lilienthal. New York: Harper & Bros.* $2.75.
The former chairman of TVA and the Atomic Energy Commission states the case for "big business" in contemporary American life. (Cady.)

THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS. *By Colin Wyatt. New York: Beechhurst Press.* $7.50.
The lure of mountain-climbing. (Rogers.)

CAME TO OXFORD. *By Gertrude Bone. New York: Oxford University Press.* $6.
A knowing guidebook to the town and university of Oxford, England. (Hass.)

THE COLDITZ STORY. *By P. R. Reid. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.95.
Colditz, near Salzburg, was a tough prison fortress to which the Germans relegated escape-minded Allied PW's. A two year tunneling project which led to freedom via Switzerland forms the substance of this first-person account. (Nelson.)

DUMBELLS AND CARROT STRIPS: *The Story of Bernarr Macfadden. By Mary Macfadden and Emile Gauvreau. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* $3.95.
A gossipy biography of the health faddist and publisher by his former wife. (Herzberg.)

ECONOMICS FOR YOU AND ME. *By Arthur Upgren and Stahrl Edmunds. New York: The Macmillan Co.* $4.
A popularization of "the dismal science." (Sherman.)

ELIZABETH AND PHILIP. *By Geoffrey Bocca. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* $4.
A biography of the British Queen and her consort. (Hormel.)

ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *By Philip Young. New York: Rinehart & Co.* $3.
A New York University English teacher undertakes to determine the patterns of his work. (Douglas.)

The Critics

THIS is the fifth spring *The Saturday Review* has asked the book editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the new books they believe merit the attention of discriminating readers. The twenty-nine editors participating in this season's poll are listed below:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
AUGUST DERLETH, *Madison [Wis.] Capital Times*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
BRUCE HAMBY, *Denver Post*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX HERZBERG, *Newark [N. J.] Daily News*
OLIVE DEAN HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
SHORE NELSON, *Seattle Post Intelligencer*
STERLING NORTH, *North Book Review Service*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
MARGARET PARTON, *New York Herald Tribune*
ROBERT PERKIN, *Denver Rocky Mountain News*
W. G. ROGERS, *Associated Press*
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*
RAY SHOCKLEY, *Atlanta Journal*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNADJR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
BEATRICE WASHBURN, *Miami Herald*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

AN EXPERIENCE OF CRITICS. *By Christopher Fry.* And **THE APPROACH TO DRAMATIC CRITICISM.** *Edited by Kaye Webb. New York: Oxford University Press.* $2.25.
Two essays on drama criticism. (Parton.)

HARVEY. *By Mary Chase. New York: Oxford University Press.* $3.
The text of the comedy that has delighted audiences throughout America and Europe with the hilarious antics of Elwood P. Dowd, the only man capable of seeing Harvey, the six-foot rabbit. (Perkin.)

HENRY JAMES: The Untried Years. *By Leon Edel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* $5.
The first volume of a long-awaited study of

(*Continued on page* 61)

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The Saturday Review

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How Communism Is Gaining in California

LOS ANGELES

THERE are two kinds of climate in Southern California. First of all, there is the natural climate —soft, smooth, easy. Once you feel it, you think you are in another world. Then there is the political climate—tight, tough, scratchy. Once you sense it, you are smack down on earth again.

Whatever else may flourish in this rich air and lush land, ideas have to breathe hard if they want to live. Thinking out loud means controversy, and right now Southern California seems to have a pox on controversy. Two or three years ago, the dominant pressures were turned against subversion. Today, the main target has written atop it in large letters, "Controversial." No one knows precisely what this means, but it can be roughly defined as any idea that is likely to stir up nasty letters or telephone calls from people who seem to think the American flag was created just to give them a weapon for winning an argument.

We must be careful not to overstate the case. There are no raps on the door in the middle of the night. You don't have to sign loyalty oaths when you cross the state line. It is still possible to get up in a public lecture series, speak freely, and get a warm response. There are a number of radio commentators who manage to do their stints over the noises of their detractors. You can get a fair hearing in most of the newspapers. There are untold numbers of people who are concerned, alert, well-informed. But they haven't yet come together effectively in behalf of their beliefs—and if they don't, no one will.

Meanwhile, there is no mistaking the increasing pressure. Teaching about UNESCO is barred from the schools in Los Angeles. All sorts of wild charges were leveled against UNESCO at the hearings, including the cry that it was Communistic and sought to destroy the love of children for country. Anyhow it was "controversial" and had to go. The fact that Soviet Russia has practically boycotted UNESCO was of no apparent relevance. In any event, the enemies of UNESCO won. Flushed with their victory, they are now moving their big guns into position for a fight against the U.N. itself. Fools don't become wise just because enough people give in to them.

Directors of public lecture series, such as the Town Hall or the Modern Forum of Los Angeles, do a good job of sticking to their guns, but auditorium facilities are increasingly difficult to come by—not because they may be overbooked but because lectures are controversial. Librarians are constantly prodded and badgered to eliminate all sorts of books and periodicals. Here, too, the city is fortunate in having library personnel who do not panic easily and who are willing to fight for diversity of opinion on their bookshelves; but librarians don't own the libraries. They can be replaced.

In the movie industry there are still a few producers who don't go into an abrupt tailspin at the slightest hint of organized pressure, but for the most part the film colony today has not only resigned itself to the worst but seems to be cooperating with it. One major producer whose own reputation was built on his courageous approach to difficult themes seems to be reacting against his own past. He is symptomatic perhaps of the desire to play it safe, to gain immunity from criticism over his past achievements by letting the pack run his studios. In common with a number of other important executives, he maintains not only a black list but various gray lists for employment of writers and actors. You get on a gray list by being controversial. You become controversial if someone from a self-styled patriotic organization happens not to like you.

In the midst of all this supine flailing, little thought is given to the real mechanism of Communism, how it operates, or the strategy it employs. The slightest knowledge of Communist tactics in softening up a nation would reveal that the Los Angeles rump-over-teakettle approach to combating subversion actually helps to prepare the ground for it. Communist dogma requires a drastic strengthening of the extreme right wing as a necessary precondition for destroying the great middle ground. It needs a nutcracker. It believes that the institutions of freedom have to be crushed even *before* the dictatorship of the proletariat takes over. The Comintern no doubt gloated over Hitler in the early Thirties, for they knew he was fulfilling a necessary historical role: someone who could kill off the big political German middle-ground in which free institutions were lodged. Later, the Communists would plan to come in by way of counter-revolution, for then the country would be divided between the extremes.

COMMUNISM is a real danger in America, not because of the size of its membership, which is small enough to put into a single baseball park, but because the very groups which profess to hate it the most are helping to fashion it day by day with such exquisite perfection. And they have as their partners a growing legion of frightened men who have apparently convinced themselves that cowardice is a public service. These men will have little to do with the real bulwarks against Communism—the full and vigorous exercise of historic freedoms; the safeguarding of all avenues of public debate; the development of closer ties with other peoples so that we will not be picked off one by one.

Southern California is not unique in the existence of these pressures. It is just that when California does anything, it does it in a big way. Because of this, it is an interesting laboratory for the entire country. And right now this laboratory is worth examining and thinking about.

To balance out this picture, we hope to be able to report next week on some of the good things we saw in California and elsewhere. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Along with Booth & Barrett

▶ IN THE BIOGRAPHICAL sketch of Eleanor Ruggles, Bernard Kalb reports that Miss Ruggles said, "My father had a little song he used to sing, of which all I can remember is the refrain: 'Oh, I roughed it in a garret, along with Booth and Barrett'."

I think I can help her out, for I too sang that song at a time when my voice was changing. It goes:

I'm the man who wrote Tarara-boom-de-ay;
I wrote it on a hot and frosty day.
I wrote it in a garret
While out with Booth and Barrett—
I'm the man who wrote Tarara-boom-de-ay.

MELVILLE CANE.

New York, N. Y.

HOW TO STOP WORRYING
HOW TO PAINT A HOUSE
HOW TO DRAW
HOW TO LIVE IN ASIA
THE EASY WAY TO GET FAT
CURRENT FICTION ½ OFF
HISTORY
ALL BOOKS $1.50 2 FOR

Capp Complains

▶ I HAVE APPEARED on entirely too many radio and TV shows arguing, with certain specific reservations, the affirmative side of the question, "Is The Comic Strip Literature?" Inevitably, some scornful savant on the other side interrupts his scathing denunciation of comic strips with the remark, "Of course, I don't read them myself." He says this to prove he's not guilty of reading the stuff he's denouncing. If he's not lying, it also proves he's guilty of not knowing anything about the stuff he's denouncing.

Your Mr. Rogow [*SR* Feb. 7] is not guileless enough to admit he doesn't know anything about comic strips—certainly not while he's earning a buck writing about them—but his first paragraph proves he doesn't. He wrote that *The Christian Science Monitor* is one of the few papers that does not carry comic strips. The fact is that the *Monitor* does carry comic strips, a lot of them, and it has carried comic strips for years.

A few paragraphs later Mr. Rogow again proves that he doesn't know his Abner from his elbow about comic strips. In speaking of "Terry and the Pirates," he says the death of one of its characters "Raven Sherman" was "a sensation," "a comic-strip explosion," "which has since been attempted by other artists but with never the same enormous national impact."

Twenty years before Raven Sherman was created by the incomparable Milton Caniff, a character called Mary Gold in "The Gumps" died. Her death was "a sensation," "a comic-strip explosion," and most importantly, it was, and is, a fact known to anyone who knows anything about comic strips.

He says of "The World of Li'l Abner" that it is a collection of my old stuff, when I was really great. Over 50 per cent of the stuff in the book was done this year and a year or so before—and I go back twenty years. And what I cannot understand is why two best-selling books of this year, "I Go Pogo" and "The World of Li'l Abner," which have the additional charm of being illustrated by their additionally blessed authors, are not regarded by *SR* as being as respectable as books by authors who are unfortunate enough not to be able to draw. Does the fact that Kelly and I are able to illustrate our stories mean that we must be apologized for as writers and relegated to a "special" section, apart from the plain literary section, and given a special "authority" like Lee Rogow instead of just a plain reviewer like other authors who can't draw get?

Honest, fellas, if all Kelly and I could do was just write, we WOULD just write. We can't help it if we can draw, too. We didn't WANT to be that way. We were just—sob!—BORN that way, and I don't think it's fair for you to hold it against us. Aren't we entitled to just as much respect as authors who can do only half as much as we can?

AL CAPP.

New York, N. Y.

Rogow Responds

▶ IN THE COURSE OF otherwise complimentary references to Al Capp's "Li'l Abner" in my piece "The New Comic Strip," I remarked that in his recent work this gifted artist and writer had sometimes substituted vulgarity for wit. This is not only my view, but that of other loyal members of the Li'l Abner Marching Society who have read the strip since its earliest days.

The author thus bitten by a critic may follow one of two courses. He may huffily say, "God help you, poor man, better chaps than you like it." Or he may take the more popular method of denouncing the critic as a donkey and a jabbernowl who never should have been permitted to review the book in the first place.

Being a man of spirit, Al Capp has chosen the second course, and being a man of intelligence he has done very well with it. He tripped me up on *The Christian Science Monitor*. (The *Monitor* began publishing a comic called "Snubs" on June 4, 1923. I should have said *The Christian Science Sentinel*.) He has me on the death of Mary Gold. (She was laid to rest April 30, 1929, while Raven Sherman was ticked off October 15, 1941, an interval of twelve years, not twenty.)

As for the date of the material included in this collection, the copyrights on the flyleaf of this book list selections from 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, and 1951. There is none from 1952. It is too easy to say that the stuff I enjoyed most was the old stuff, but I am afraid that is the reason why I said what I did about the recent deterioration.

Apparently unaware of *SR*'s recent policy of asking contributors for a general piece encompassing reports on several books in a subject field, Mr. Capp makes much of the discrimination against the writer-artist in the hated "essay-review." The form itself is a usefully broad one as compared with the ordinary review.

I enjoy literary controversies and I'm delighted when an author has the opportunity and the gumption to answer his critics. On a point or two Mr. Capp has me fairly in the gunsights. He may be right in insisting I should be drummed out of the regiment.

It is interesting to note, however, that I received another letter about this same article. Here's what it says: "I hasten to write to tell you how much I enjoyed your piece in the February 7 issue." (Signed) Milton Caniff.

LEE ROGOW.

New York, N.Y.

Cheers

▶ FOR WIT AND WISDOM, I nominate as Review of the Year Elmer Davis's "The Care and Feeding of Intellectuals" [*SR* Feb. 28]. Olé! Mr. Davis.

BETTY KIRK.

Mexico, D.F.

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Life & Times of Ogden Nash

BEN RAY REDMAN

IT was a year of growing unemployment and wage cuts, of soup kitchens and apple sellers; it was the year when "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" was threatening to supplant "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the national anthem; it was the year when the great American Depression was taking a swan dive towards its nadir; it was the year 1931. Everyone agreed that something, anything, must be done to dispel the nation's gloom. But what? President Hoover had his own ideas—and Simon & Schuster had theirs. The President fought depression with the weapons of unemployment relief, restricted immigration, a worldwide debt moratorium, and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Simon & Schuster, with noble simplicity, struck straight at the heart of the monster by publishing Ogden Nash's first book of verse, "Hard Lines."

That was in January 1931. In October further heroic measures were called for. The Inner Sanctum met the challenge with Nash's second book, "Free Wheeling." Still the country did not rally. Roosevelt succeeded Hoover, the first New Deal was launched, and Nash's publishers again gallantly did their best to bring back a smile to the face of the United States by issuing Nash's third book, "Happy Days." It hit the bookstores in October 1933. Two months later Americans were drinking hard liquor legally for the first time in fourteen years, and the stock market was going up. To what extent was Ogden Nash directly responsible for these happy events? Future historians must decide—I simply record facts. And if anyone rudely points out that the 1933-34 flurry of prosperity was no more than a flurry, I can only ask: What *do you* expect of a poet?

Miracles apart, Ogden Nash has done a remarkably good job of satisfying any legitimate expectations that he may have aroused in those far-off Depression days, when Adolf Hitler was coming up in the world and Al Capone was going down. As book has followed book—with Little, Brown taking over from S. & S. in 1938—he has steadily consolidated his position as our most successful writer of humorous verse. He has done it at his best by merit, and at his a-little-less-than-best by industry—an industry justified by the homely fact that poets and their families and their dogs like to eat. But, even when he has taken Pegasus for a run at times when the winged horse would rather have rested in the stable, his least inspired lines have been stamped with genuine originality, the kind of originality of thought and phrase and style that makes everything a writer says unmistakably his own, that proves ruinous to those who try to ape it.

Twenty-two years lie between "Hard Lines" and "The Private Dining Room."* When the first was published the author was still a bachelor—by the narrow margin of almost six months. The new book is dedicated to his grandchild. But "Hard Lines" was a bent twig which showed how the Nash tree would grow. There, in the bud, were its author's mastery of both regular and scandalously irregular prosodic patterns; his ingenuity in pairing a short line with an apparently interminable line, and blessing their union with prerhymes; his paronomastic daring; his skill in the use of calculated bathos; his word-surgery; his knack of knocking off gnomic epigrams; his biographical gift, his interest in natural history, and his adeptness in the jester's immemorial art of talking uncommon good sense while apparently playing the fool's part for which he is being paid. When he wrote

The Bronx?
No, thonx!

he gave perfect proof of the rightness of Campion's dictum: "There is no writing too brief that, without obscurity, comprehends the intent of the writer." When he observed that

In the Vanities
No one wears panities,

his was the visual keenness that has since served him so well as a seeing-eye dog in the country of the blind. When, in a longer poem, he remarked, "There are too many people who think that just because they have parishes or dioceses/ It imparts infallibility to all their biaseses," he fired one of the

*THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM AND OTHER POEMS. By Ogden Nash. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2

THE AUTHOR: Ogden Nash, the notorious assassin of iambic pentameter, has been out in the Midwest the last few weeks, leapfrogging from city to city, lecturing. In Muncie the other morning, between podiums, he took a moment out to say, " 'The Private Dining Room' was written in the last four years between lecture tours, on which I fill in the chinks between John Mason Brown and Bennett Cerf, and theatrical ventures. The book is simply an extension of what I have been doing for twenty years." Nash, one eye on the timetable, added, "I would go into further detail, but must catch a train to Indianapolis, where I get a train for Chicago, where I get a train for Cedar Rapids, where I am to speak tomorrow." With that he was off. More than twenty years ago, Nash sold his first poem to *The New Yorker*, a piece that left the purists aghast and just about everyone else delighted. His poems aren't simply show-offy word-acrobatics, they are built on a point-of-view, satire, and warmth. Once, called upon to explain his talcum-walcum approach to poetry, Nash attributed it to laziness. "It's hard to control rhyme and meter, so why try? Why not just eliminate them, so long as some one will buy the results?" Russell Maloney, however, called upon to explain Nash, said, "He is the laureate of a generation which had to develop its own wry, none-too-joyful humor as the alternative to simply lying down on the floor and screaming." An old friend of Nash's, S. J. Perelman, said in New York the other day that Nash is no jokester. "He's just the reverse of the sort of person the columnists admire." Perelman, between continents at the moment, went on to say that Nash is a great guy for Sherlock Holmes, word games, and batting averages. He'd first met Nash in Hollywood, Perelman said; in 1943, they got together to write "One Touch of Venus," the Broadway musical hit. "Nash," Perelman continued, "wrote all the lyrics on yellow-lined paper, laboriously. He's a guy who has to feel a pencil squirming between his fingers. Every word counted." "It," Perelman recalled with a shudder, "used to give me the *plotz*."

—BERNARD KALB.

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opening guns in a lifelong war against stuffed shirts of all collar-sizes and sleeve-lengths. On page after page his verse began to give startling support to Dr. Johnson's belief that "The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights." It began to back up Puttenham's assertion that poetry's proper stuff is "whatsoever witty and delicate conceit of man" is "meet or worthy to be put in written verse, for any necessary use of the present time, or good instruction of the posterity."

For it was obvious that Ogden Nash was to prove no singer of an empty day, no mere maker of hollow verses and sonorous trifles. It was plain that his poetry would be—although perhaps not precisely in Matthew Arnold's meaning of the phrase—a criticism of life. It was plain that much of his verse, like Juvenal's, would be sparked by indignation. He would not be as savage as the Roman, his victims would be comparatively innocent; but he knew, as every satirist has known, that it is easier to collect and delight an audience with damnation or ridicule than with eulogy. What we call pet peeves would supply much of his stock in trade. Having begun by expressing his opinion of the Bronx, his dim view of literary censorship, and his deep distrust of air travel, he has gone on to commemorate in verse his dislike of platonic love, people who say they like to spend summer in the city, men who boast of taking icy baths, the daily necessity of shaving, guests who stay late, the day after New Year's Eve, Northerners who go Southern in a big way, breakfast, dog shows, parsley, the party next door, the wife who says she doesn't want a drink herself but will take half of her husband's, name-droppers, parsnips, feminine methods of opening a package of cigarettes, etc., etc., etc.

A poet, of course, not only draws upon the world around him: like a spider, he spins his web out of himself. If he writes enough, he ends by writing an autobiography; and no careful student of the Nash corpus can fail to see that Mr. Nash has done just this.

His poetry has kept pace with his life. He has written as a bachelor, a husband, a father, a father-in-law, and a grandfather. He has celebrated, with both candor and tenderness, the trials and pleasures of the married state; he has bravely faced and loved the many joys and tribulations of parenthood. He has given a little dog named Spangle a very good chance to outlive generations of less lucky dogs.

In the latest instalment of his autobiography he is still the same old Nash—and who would have him otherwise? The man who once demanded coffee with his meal is now determined that his lettuce shall have on it nothing fancier than French dressing. The man who was sick of "rich people talking and acting poor" is now getting sick of the telegraph company's practice of phoning or mailing telegrams instead of delivering them by messenger boys. The poet who dreaded New Year's Day still dreads it. The unacademic naturalist is still as busy as a jack rabbit. The patented ejector of miraculously contrived rhymes is still capable of dispensing such lines as, "I am a man who values the fitness of things above notoriety and pelf,/ Which is why I am happy I heard the cockney postmaster say to a doctor who was returning a leprechaun to Gloccamorra in an open envelope, Physician, seal thy h'elf."

He is the same old Nash—but he is an older Nash. He strikes the note of middle age by remembering two girls of whom he has not thought of for thirty years; he finds he could use a longer arm when he wishes to read the telephone book; he charmingly toasts his twenty-first wedding anniversary; he begins to refer to himself as a dear old gentleman; he is baffled by the younger generation; and he even catches himself discovering the pleasures of tolerance. But, I am happy to say, these are pleasures in which he does not indulge to excess. There is still a sharp sting in the tail of the smiling scorpion. May it never grow less. Life, as we live it, can do with a deal of criticism.

—*Marion Morehouse.*

Dylan Thomas: "I rocketed to astonish."

Wild Man Bound

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF DYLAN THOMAS. New York: New Directions. 199 *pp.* $3.75.

By W. T. Scott

THERE is a poem called "Once Below a Time" which may be taken as Dylan Thomas's comment on his startling career as poet. It could be, to begin with, about child's clothing and child's play; but—

> In common clay clothes disguised as scales . . .
> I astounded the sitting tailors,
> I set back the clock faced tailors, . . .
> Up through the lubber crust of Wales
> I rocketed to astonish
> The flashing needle rock of squatters,
> The criers of Shabby and Shorten,
> The famous stitch droppers.

He recalls "the bright pretender," and concludes:

> Never never oh never to regret the bugle I wore
> On my cleaving arm as I blasted in a wave.
> Now shown and mostly bare I would lie down,
> Lie down, lie down and live
> As quiet as a bone.

Not one of his best poems but, if my assumption about its symbolism is correct, it is one of his most interesting. It reminds one—a little—of Yeats's eventual dislike of his own "embroidered coats" and his decision that there would be "more enterprise in going naked."

It fits the case. For certainly Thomas "rocketed to astonish" with his young, violent, and romantic language the politically-minded ("clock-faced") 1930's; he ignored the politics; and with a Welsh lavishness he flung himself contrary to the more cautious and more fashionable poetics ("needle rock . . . squatters") of the era. (And he triumphed. He has, now edging forty, a host of admirers and a host of imitators.) Yet the mood of his kind of poet, whose use of language is nearly the whole excitement of his work, may very well be at times a questioning if the flashing scales are only uselessly imposed on "common clay clothes," if he has tricked out a next-to-nothing in spurious glitter. He refuses, anyway, to regret his bu-

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W. T. Scott, former book-review editor of the Providence Journal, *is the author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*

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gled progress, but he has a little wearied of it.

I see that what I have written may seem to the wary reader a trap sneakily devised from Mr. Thomas's own words and readied to fit him in and throw him away. But no; I think him a very remarkable poet. I am not ready to join Philip Toynbee in calling Thomas "the greatest living poet in the English language," for Thomas at his age is not ready for such magnitude. I think, rather, that he has written two or three of the most beautiful poems of our century (how many poets accomplish that?) and, his gifts and limitations being thus far what they are, his eventual place in the hierarchy of poetry depends on what he *can* or *cannot* do after forty.

The two poems I feel certain about are "Poem in October" and "Fern Hill." There are enough other fine poems to star the careers, as the saying goes, of half a dozen other poets.

Dylan Thomas's subject matter is pretty simple and unvaried: he gets his poems from a few vividly felt intimations of mortality—time and change, death existing in the seed, death itself. The poems therefore are memoir poems, sexual poems, elegies. Sometimes they bear religious overtones, sometimes not; he is more impressively sensual than spiritual. His "Collected Poems," indeed, could nearly be all parts of one poem, as Thomas Wolfe's novels (there are resemblances) are really all one.

When in poetry the ear is the prime creator, one phrase begetting the next, the inevitability is a poetry personal, arbitrary, private. In the hands of so original a poet as Thomas, the musical effects are stunning, the "meaning" often difficult and sometimes not comparably existent. The reader is assaulted. Thus a poetry of this kind, though magnificent, is more impressive for ten pages than it is for two hundred; repetitiousness begins to weigh the poems down and even a seeming self-imitation. What at first was a marvelous free flowing of language becomes in time a forced piping.

This book shows such limitations. Its evidence of growth in the poetry is, nevertheless, present. The most recent poems do not confirm it—they are too often either forced or imitative—but the culminations of such a poem as "Fern Hill" are a growth toward simplicity. In other words, Thomas has exhibited a will to ride his gale of words, not just be tossed about — however spectacularly — by them. Fine frenzy has to be reined with responsibility. As no doubt he knows. He has, after all, unmistakable genius.

Kingdom of the Heather

COLLECTED POEMS. By Edwin Muir. New York: Grove Press. 196 *pp.* $3.50.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

THE process of poetic creation is endlessly mysterious, the more so because such sharply divergent views of it exist among the poets themselves. But—roughly speaking—the two poles are form and spirit. In the greatest poetry the form and the vision are one; in all poetry that reaches towards ultimate answers (or questions), there is a push towards this mystic union, from one pole or the other.

Some years ago, in reply to "An Enquiry" addressed to poets by the editors of *New Verse*, Wallace Stevens said that for him "the immediate impulse is verbal." The course of Mr. Stevens's later career—which has had so profound an influence on younger poets—has emphasized the accuracy of this self-analysis. At the other extreme was Edwin Muir, who wrote: "I generally start from some visual image, and I think that when that happens my poetry is likely to be better than when I elaborate some phrase that has caught my fancy."

Mr. Muir has also had a poetic career—though his activity as a critic, and as a translator of Kafka *et al.*, has tended to obscure his practice in the "creative" art and to lead Stephen Spender, for example, to call him "one rather neglected poet." (I believe, also, that Mr. Untermeyer, after carrying him for some years, dropped Mr. Muir from his anthology of "Modern British Poetry" in its latest edition.) But the appearance this year of his "Collected Poems" should be a quiet, yet pointed reminder that poetry can still start out from the opposite pole of vision and yet reach its goal.

This Scottish poet, looking upon time (and eternity) from the archaic, rock-strewn distance of the Orkneys, has, properly enough, been compared with that poet of vision, William Blake, with whom he has certainly a closer affinity than with that other poet of time-and-timelessness, T. S. Eliot, because he bears testimony neither to success nor to failure in the classic struggle with "Time, the great antagonist."

It is true that, in his earlier poems at least, during the period when he wrote and published "Variations on a Time Theme," Mr. Muir might well have been charged with a "decorous defeatism." There has, however, been a deepening—a development in vision, if not notably in form—in recent years. While this hardly compares with the later development of two other elder poets, Yeats and Miss Sitwell (with which, however, it *has* been compared), it nevertheless establishes the author of these "Collected Poems" as a poet to be reckoned with.

As for the exact quality of Mr. Muir's poetry, it can scarcely be extracted by the process of slight quotation. Like the Orkney scene, of which the poet has written in both prose and verse, the reader of these verses "will not come to know much about the place unless he lives there for quite a long time, habituating himself to the rhythm of the life." Nevertheless, here is a sample of that rhythm which may go some way to suggest why those who have been impressed by this poetry (among whom this reviewer now includes himself) incline to believe it will get and keep the attention it deserves:

Unshakeable arise alone
The reverie and the name.
And at each border of the land,
Like monuments a deluge leaves,
Guarding the invisible sheaves
The risen watchers stand.

Poetry Notes

NOSTALGIA AND ACCEPTANCE: The Noonday Press of New York which has since published a rare novel and some philosophical works, made its debut over a year ago with a small book of poems, fine in appearance and fine in content. Cecil Hemley's **"Porphyry's Journey"** ($2), is a collection of twen-

(*Continued on page* 58)

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An Old Antagonist

TELFORD TAYLOR

IN "The Return of Germany,"* Norbert Muhlen has written both a valuable and a dangerous book. It is valuable because the author has written what is, for me, the most perceptive and articulate account of of the postwar German *Geist* that has yet appeared in public print. It is dangerous because the author adopts and repeats meritricious clichés about the American Occupation and the purposes of those who framed its policies. Fortunately, the values outweigh the dangers by a considerable margin.

Mr. Muhlen, the jacket tells us, is a German-born scholar and journalist who has been covering Germany for *The Reader's Digest, New Leader, Commentary*, and *Commonweal*, and his book was written under a grant from the Foundation for Foreign Affairs, which also subsidized Freda Utley's "The High Cost of Vengeance." Presumably, English is not his native tongue; nevertheless the writing is graceful, forceful, and often distinguished. The book is well-organized, and the thought sequences are logically tracked.

Of many illuminating passages, the most brilliant are those analyzing the role of democracy in German life and thought. We have recently read in the press about the election to office of the former Storm Troop Leader Schepmann; of the prevalence of former Nazis in the German Foreign Office and the teaching profession; of the ugly eruptions of onetime Wehrmacht generals such as Ramcke and Remer. We rightly regard these things as danger signals, yet no careful observer will use them as a reliable thermometer to check the patient's temperature. We note that Western Germany has a "liberal" Constitution and representative government, that extremist parties have had scant success at the polls, and that the percentage of Germans who exercise their franchise puts the United States to shame. So far so good, but we rightly hesitate to conclude that the mere workings of the governmental machinery prove that Germany has a stable democratic life or an effective democratic government.

Over the years, as Mr. Muhlen puts it, "the real reason for the failure of democracy in Germany was . . . the fact that the large majority of Germans did not feel responsible for 'their government,' which was above them as a super-personal state." I think he is right. The key word in his diagnosis is *unpolitische*—the "unpolitical" German, the *Privatmann* who wants most "to be left alone in his privacy." And so, "Whatever else the state did was none of their business, if it only left them alone and insured the conditions of their private security and prosperity."

This gulf between citizenry and government lies at the root of many German questions, past and future. "Politics were made by the *Obrigkeiten*, as the authorities are called in German. . . . Like the weather, politics and public life made by the *Obrigkeiten* appeared to non-political minds as ever-changing, unpredictable, eternal sequences of better and worse days." This goes far to explain the answers to a recent and much-publicized questionnaire, which revealed a superficially surprising and truly alarming number of Germans who would "do nothing" to prevent the return of Nazism. It also exposes the chief hazard to the future of democratic German government. "Since the totalitarian order threatens their sacred privacy, the *unpolitische* majority does not view with favor the return of Nazism. Yet while they dislike totalitarianism, they are, nevertheless, the ground on which the totalitarian minority can grow and strive and rule. The Communists in Russia as well as the Nazis in Germany came to power and ruled on the foundation of a non-political majority."

Here, too, we are enabled to penetrate the riddle of the attitude of the "average German" toward the atrocities of the Nazi era. These were the doings of the *Obrigkeiten*. The atrocities are commonly referred to today by Germans as "excesses"—a term which, as Mr. Muhlen shrewdly points out, "shows that the 'non-political ones' did not gain an insight into the essentially terroristic nature of . . . totalitarianism." For they were not "excesses", they were part of the deliberated scheme of things. And for the Germans as a whole, Mr. Muhlen observes, "collective guilt" is a misnomer. It was their "collective responsibility" in a civic sense which they failed to discharge, and of which they should have been reminded.

OF Western Germany, Mr. Muhlen has written much that has escaped the vision of others. In Eastern Germany, he sees what many others have seen, and his contribution is perhaps less unique. The "Red Reich" is painted in vivid and terrifying hues, with a wealth of apparently valid detail.

It is a nightmarish and joyless world, where reason is a dangerous faculty and the pursuit of truth a heinous crime. "What is so unbearable is that we have to lie all the time—I can't go on lying forever,"

—*Punch.*

"Double Panic"—a British view.

**THE RETURN OF GERMANY. By Norbert Muhlen. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 310 pp. $4.50.*

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said an East German boy at a Berlin convention in 1951.

Since Mr. Muhlen's treatment of Germany is both objective and psychologically penetrating, it is surprising as well as disappointing that, when he turns to American Occupation policy, he becomes an angry victim of stereotypes. The Morgenthau proposals are described as "a plan to destroy Germany by starvation" which was "ghost-written by secret agents of the Communist conspiracy." Later, the author declares that "America's dark record in the first German postwar years, which was never fully publicized in this country, was a personal and unforgettable experience to millions of Germans."

To be sure, there are many features of the American Occupation which have been deservedly criticized, and there is ample basis for questioning the wisdom of the Morgenthau proposals. But the cause of truth is not advanced by propagating exaggerations and fantasies.

"Let an interallied commission dismantle a large percentage of the leading plants in Germany . . . and transport this vital machinery to Poland, Belgium, Holland, France, Greece, Yugoslavia and Russia . . . it can be sanctioned as minimum justice. . . . If it is argued that such a move would lower the living standard of the German people, the obvious answer is that it would raise the living standard of other countries to a corresponding degree." These propositions, more Draconian than the economic provisions advanced by Mr. Morgenthau, were put forward in 1943 by a conservative financial journalist whose postwar views on Germany were—to adopt the handy if imprecise lingo of 1945-1948—distinctly "soft" rather than "hard." While cogently analyzing German lack of feeling of responsibility for the Nazi wars and atrocities, Mr. Muhlen seems to have forgotten that in other lands they aroused great indignation, and that it needed no Communist instigation to precipitate numerous far-reaching proposals intended to prevent their recurrence.

The Occupational policy directives actually issued were, of course, much less "hard" than the Morgenthau proposals. They did not sufficiently envisage Germany's economic collapse and food and fuel shortage, but, according to General Clay's account, SHAEF went into Germany with 600,000 tons of grain for relief, and, when the critical situation was grasped, both official and private agencies responded promptly and large quantities of foodstuffs were shipped in. It is true that the early days of the American Occupation were characterized by aloofness, some truculence, and about the minimum number of ugly episodes that one would expect from a victorious army after a long war. Some Occupation officials said and did stupid things, and inexperience led to bungling, and to naive and damaging failures to gauge the trustworthiness of individual Germans. But all this falls far short of proving the American Occupation record "dark" (a charge I have heard publicly made only once before, and have never seen substantiated). However one may gauge the success of the Occupation in terms of achieving its objectives, it is inexcusable to level an unsupported charge that it was cruel or vindictive.

Finally, Mr. Muhlen is unduly harsh on the American press, which he accuses of deliberately playing up neo-Nazi eruptions, and failing adequately to report the brighter side of the picture. It is true, of course, that the probationer who comports himself blamelessly remains obscure, while the one who reverts to crime is likely to hit the headlines. This may be good or bad, but it is intrinsic to journalism, and I do not think that American reporting has suffered from anti-German bias.

Nor can Mr. Muhlen's illustrations of this point be taken at face value. In recounting the 1949 Offenbach episode wherein a Jewish doctor was initially rejected by the Town Council as municipal gynecologist because, as a former concentration camp inmate, he might succumb to feelings of revenge, Mr. Muhlen charges that neither the reasons for this action, nor the later suspension of the mayor who instigated it, nor the doctor's subsequent appointment, were reported. I have in my hand the clippings from *The New York Times* covering the occurrence. The "reasons" are stated in language almost identical to that used in Mr. Muhlen's book; the mayor's suspension and the doctor's eventual appointment were duly reported in later dispatches.

What is so strange about these lapses in Mr. Muhlen's book is that they are so out of keeping with its general temper. These few preposterous charges are dropped in as *ex cathedra* asides, with no attempt to support them, and with no necessary relation to the main themes. One cannot help but wonder whether they were inserted by another hand, like poisoned salt sprinkled on a steak.

Telford Taylor, the author of the recently published "Sword and Swastika," served as U.S. chief of counsel at the Nuremberg trials.

A Fatal Duet

GERMANY PLOTS WITH THE KREMLIN. By T. H. Tetens. New York: Henry Schuman. 294 *pp.* $3.75.

By Delbert Clark

THE paragraph which follows did not appear in an East German newspaper:

> We Germans do not want to have anything to do with the West—with the Yankees, with their capitalistic exploitation and their political arrogance. . . . We Prussians have always been closely associated with the Russians; we Germans return gladly to the tradition of Bismarck. . . . We are actually predestined for an alliance with Moscow. . . . Socialist Germany and Communist Russia together are invincible and thus our alliance secures the peace of the world.

This is extracted from an article, "An Open Letter to Stalin," written by a former Nazi leader, Bruno Fricke, and published in the anti-Communist *Buerger Zeitung,* a German-language paper of Chicago, USA, on November 17, 1949. T. H. Tetens quotes extensively from the article in his new book, "Germany Plots with the Kremlin," and ponders on the total lack of excitement in the State Department and the Congress.

The easy retort is, "Who in his right mind pays any attention to the rabid mouthings of a former associate of the infamous Otto Strasser?" It is Mr. Tetens's theme, documented almost to the point of fatigue, that these "rabid mouthings," on the contrary, actually represent the essence of West German policy.

Mr. Tetens is not the first American to state this thesis in print, but he is the first, so far as I know, to adduce such a volume of circumstantial evidence of its validity. Odd, isn't it, that if a man announces his intention to kill the President, in this "government of laws, not of men," he is hustled to the hoosegow, but that if the same man announces his intention to kill the nation's foreign policy and betray the nation to its enemies, he is dismissed with a shrug!

"Germany Plots with the Kremlin" would be more convincing to the uninformed if the author had organized his material better, had engaged in fewer sweeping generalizations, and had refrained from quoting a single

Delbert Clark, author of "Again the Goose Step," formerly was correspondent in Germany for The New York Times.

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document so many times to prove so many facets of his proposition. Yet, in spite of these faults, the book is full of substance, and an angry man may be forgiven if he stutters.

Mr. Tetens's thesis is as susceptible of belief as were those of another author writing about Germany and German intentions—Adolf Hitler in "Mein Kampf"—and probably as unlikely to be believed. Yet the entire history of modern Germany, with two explainable deviations, has been of blowing large, wet kisses toward the current masters of Russia. The German press, including that segment termed "responsible," has been full of editorials explaining and acclaiming the policies of Konrad Adenauer as designed to ditch the West and marry the East. American observers who could never be accused of being wild or irresponsible have sung the ominous song over and over again. The State Department has gone at least half way, in an official document published only two years ago. So we have no excuse for not being on the alert, other than that we didn't believe Hitler, either, and hence have solid precedent.

On April 3, 1952, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, "which is often employed as the mouthpiece of the Bonn Foreign Office," said in a front-page editorial:

> The Chancellor follows a tremendous bold plan: First rearmament, followed later on by talks with the Russians in order to persuade them to remove their armies behind the Bug River. For this goal the Chancellor has been working tenaciously for some time. And because he sticks to his timetable, he is for the present opposed to the Russian note.

This referred to the Russian offer f March 10, 1952; of an all-German ettlement. Amplifying the editorial n private talks with members of his Parliament, according to Mr. Tetens, Dr. Adenauer explained that talks with the Russians would have to be postponed until Germany had regained a dominant position in Europe. It is Mr. Tetens's contention, on the basis of much plausible evidence, that the contribution of the United States to this glorious consummation is to be the cost of retooling German industry and rearming and reequipping them for war, presumably so they can defend France and Belgium. How silly can you get?

Mr. Tetens's explosive book should be read, if possible, in conjunction with the pamphlet, "France, Germany and NATO," by James P. Warburg, published in February of this year. Noting that the one move we had consistently refused to make in the Cold War was to get together with our allies on a definite proposal to Russia for an all-German settlement, which if accepted would eliminate the arguments for a new Germany army, Mr. Warburg offers a working paper to that end. In his prefatory discussion he comments:

> What would be our position if the Bonn Republic—created, sustained and rearmed by us—were suddenly to do what the Weimar Republic did under the leadership of Gustav Stresemann, at Rapallo in 1922, and what Nazi Germany repeated in the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939? . . . It is, in fact, what any people might be expected to do, if their nation were partitioned and one powerful nation were left in a position to hold out the hope of reunification. . . . It is nothing short of absurd to think that the idea of an eventual Soviet-German deal has never entered the mind of Chancellor Adenauer. It would enter the mind of any statesman, faced with the same situation, and particularly the mind of an old-school German statesman who had been an intimate friend and admirer of Gustav Stresemann.

Will She? Won't . . .

OUR LOVE AFFAIR WITH GERMANY. By Hans Habe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 247 pp. $3.

By Henry B. Kranz

HAS our occupational policy in Germany been a success? Was denazification a failure? Were the Nuremberg trials "rape," as has been said? Is there still anti-Semitism in Western Germany? How strong are the forces of neo-Nazism? Who are the leaders in this still bleeding but miraculously recovered country? What can be done to strengthen the democratic forces there? Will German remilitarization bring an end to the growing danger of a Soviet attack on Western Europe?

These and many other related questions are animatedly discussed by Hans Habe, journalist, novelist, author of the memorable war book on France, "A Thousand Shall Fall," and a vigorous anti-Nazi fighter as he was twenty years ago in Austria. Mr. Habe is qualified to discuss German affairs as few men are today. As a major in the U.S. army he entered defeated Germany in 1945; he founded there many American newspapers, among them *Die Neue Zeitung*, which for one time had a circulation of over two million, and he later edited two German weeklies. During all these years he tried manfully, if not always successfully, to instil democratic ideas into German war-weary, cynical hearts, uncovering neo-Nazi forces wherever and whenever they raised their heads. He has now returned to this country.

Mr. Habe is convinced that we have made many mistakes in Germany, especially in the early days. We were wrong, he writes, in declaring the collective guilt of the Germans. It was impractical. The Nuremberg trials were badly timed and unwise. We were also wrong in declaring a non-fraternization policy, which only humiliated the Germans. Our re-education policy was a mistake, he claims. We should have reformed the German government and changed their political methods instead of bringing them our kind of democracy, or even worse, three different kinds of democracy, American, British, French, in three different zones of the country. We also overlooked the primary rule, the setting of an example in education. While some observers of our Occupation will tacitly agree with Hans Habe's censures, others will contend that a different approach would hardly have brought better results. Besides, our initial plans had

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to be given up as soon as it was realized that Stalin did not intend to keep peace in Europe.

The total defeat of our policy, Mr. Habe thinks, started when we decided to remilitarize the Germans. From here on his book is of singularly timely interest. He maintains that there is no chance of holding Western Germany against a Soviet assault. We have reformed Germany but not the Germans, our denazification idea has boomeranged, democratic ideas have not taken root, and the value of the German soldier in a European army must therefore be doubted. All Germans, Mr. Habe writes, are against remilitarization. They do not want to fight a civil war on foreign request against the soon to be remilitarized East Germans. Besides, "you cannot trade terrain for time." A withdrawal of our troops in time of peace would mean abandonment of the valuable German industry, and politically as well as militarily a rearmed Germany "would be a Frankenstein."

The last chapter, with Hans Habe's own "Policy for Germany," may seem disappointing to readers who might have expected more spectacular solutions. Mr. Habe proposes that we should allow the Bonn government an alternative of not remilitarizing. In practice this would mean that we should create a new occupation status, if Bonn chooses neutrality. This status, while not interfering with internal German affairs, would furnish guarantees for the security of our troops. If Germany is remilitarized, rearmament should be kept under the permanent supervision of a Control Commission under French and British leadership, since the main burden of the defense of the *Bundesrepublik* should be left to Europeans. This would make it possible to abandon "our opposition to German unity," which, Mr. Habe thinks, is our present policy, although never mentioned publicly. When all these steps have been taken, Mr. Habe firmly believes that "our unfortunate love affair with Germany" which ended in an "unhappy marriage" can be forgotten and we can start anew.

It is an over-optimistic and rather impractical approach to a problem which ultimately could be solved only by a solid understanding between Germany and France, and a solid understanding between the Western World and the Kremlin.

Hans Habe's aim in his new book, he says, has been to bring the problem of Germany home to the American people, in all its complexity and with all its threatening future implications. Whether one agrees with his main points or disagrees, he successfully stirs our interest.

Dupes, Relics & Experts

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF. By Walter Goerlitz. Translated by Brian Battershaw. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. 508 pp. $7.50.

By Gerard W. Speyer

HITLER once called the German General Staff "the mightiest thing the world has ever seen" and many of his enemies have agreed with him on that point. To be sure, this semi-monastic, monocled military order was only eclipsed but never eliminated by the Versailles Treaty. Not even Hitler, who had praised it so highly in "Mein Kampf" at a time when Ludendorff still headed it, could (so H. R. Trevor-Roper thinks) ever really conquer it although he certainly managed to ruin it. In the end, the International Military Tribunal in Nuremberg found it impossible to sustain the charge that the General Staff had played a leading part in unleashing the Second World War.

"The History of Prussia," Goerlitz states on the opening page, "is essentially the history of the Prussian army." Similarly, we are told that the Prussian monarchy was not so much a country that had an army but an army that had a country which it used as a billeting area. In a larger sense, "the Prussian General Staff was a product of a specific phase of European development. It grew out of that combination of absolute monarchy with standing armies which became so typical a phenomenon after the Thirty Years' War."

Throughout the following centuries the principles and practices of the German General Staff have left their mark on every major military power. Its high ethical standards, respect for facts, self-effacing consciousness of duty, careful planning, its corporate responsibility and individual anonymity in combination with the strict separation of military policy and political strategy—all of these have served as models to the great military powers not only in Europe but also in Japan and the United States. By way of example, Walter Millis in his penetrating preface to this volume reminds us that Elihu Root instituted in our own army the German staff method of organization which has been retained to this day. Thus Goerlitz's book is of considerable value to believers in, and practitioners of, the system of "government by staff method."

Traditions such as these cannot be legislated out of existence by Versailles or Nuremberg (nor, for that matter, so one is tempted to add, by Bonn). Colonel Friedrich Hossbach who from 1934-38 acted as Hitler's liaison officer with the Wehrmacht has written that General Seeckt was in reality "the monarch of the Army." And the virtual autonomy of the Reichswehr under the Weimar Republic is attested by the fact that there were only four war ministers between 1918 and 1933 but twenty different governments — a circumstance Goerlitz fails to underline sufficiently. Goerlitz generally lacks the incisiveness of his British colleague, Sir Lewis Namier, who recently wrote poignantly that "the German War Office before 1918 had been an administrative office; between 1919 and 1925, the civilian facade of an autonomous Reichswehr; and since 1926 (when Hindenburg saw to it that the War Minister should be a general in mufti), its political center."

The second half of Goerlitz's book deals with the Second World War and its immediate preludes. In these pages, it becomes incontestably clear that the General Staff had a policy of its own and was not content merely with being Hitler's instrument. Once war had been started by Hitler, the General Staff's policy was one of limited conquests and of a strong, almost unbroken opposition to unlimited adventurism of the Nazis. To be sure, the officers' corps had its share of obsequious generals, its Keitels, etc.

The struggle between the Party and the Army General Staff was long and costly. The Army emerged triumphant from the Roehm putsch while the Party remained victorious in the July 1944 uprising. That Himmler, in this sense, reaped the fruits of victory which had been denied Captain Roehm emerges implicitly rather than explicitly from Goerlitz's history. No less than fifty General Staff officers perished in the July 20 revolt and among them, as an ironic tragedy, Helmuth von Moltke, a great-grandson of the elder general, and Count Stauffenberg, Gneisenau's great-great-grandson. "It had been," Walter Goerlitz writes wistfully, "a long way—and a shameful one—from Moltke to Skorzeny."

The appearance of this volume—which, unaccountably, lacks a bibliography and any reference to sources—is well timed. It reaches its American audience only a short time after the Lower House in Bonn has approved the European Defense Community Treaty—the first step toward the establishment of Germany's NATO contingent.

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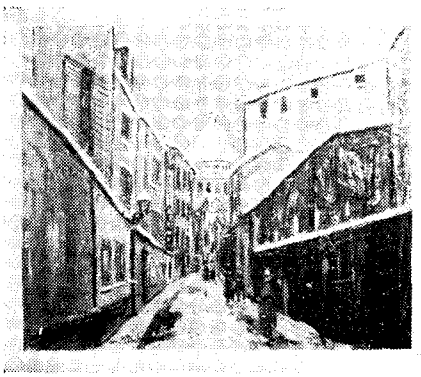

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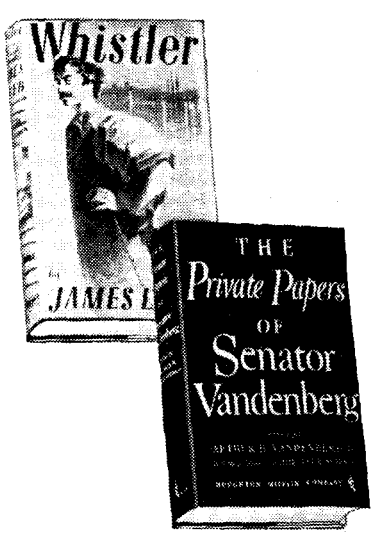

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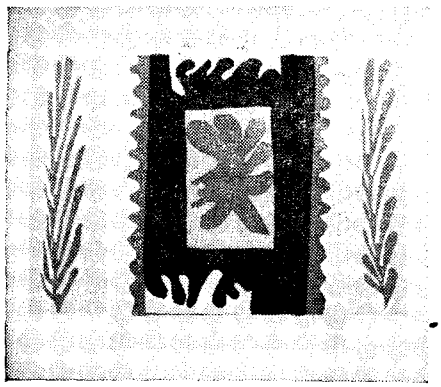

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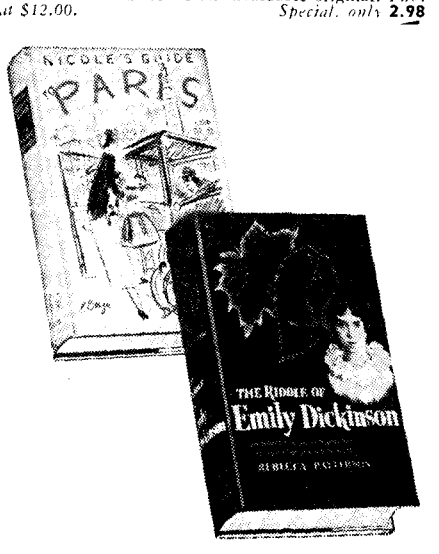

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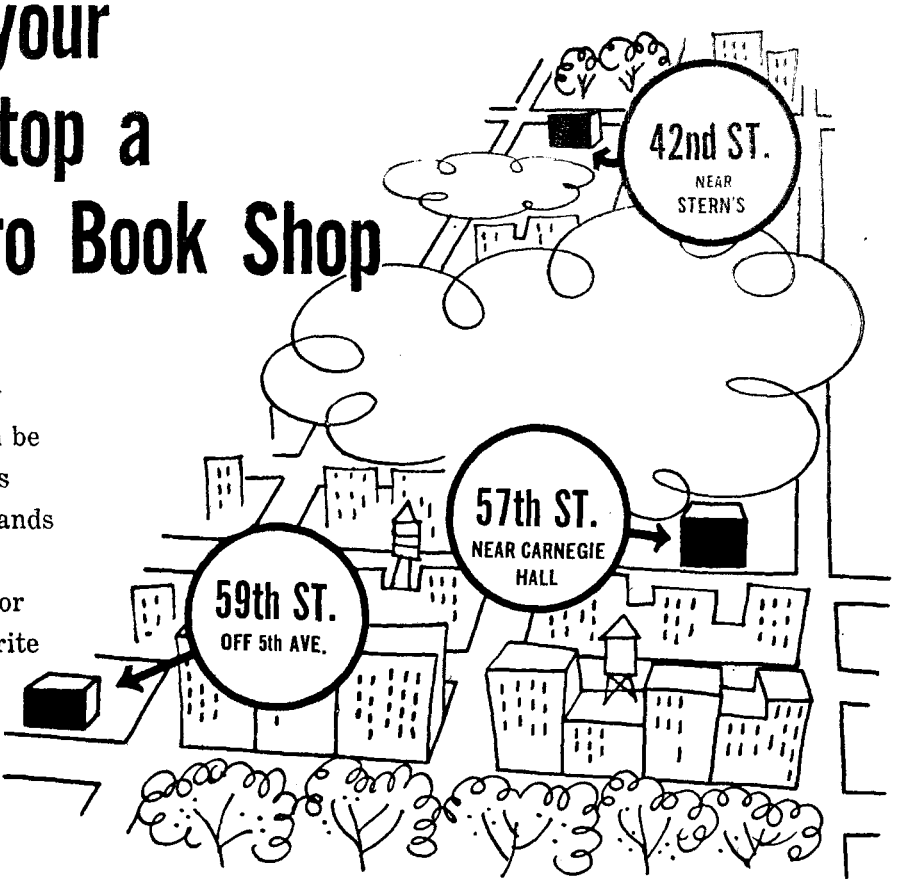

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Esthetics of the Story

WILLIAM PEDEN

IN the wondrous world of the academe, there tend to be two schools of thought concerning *The New Yorker*. There are those who love it, and there are those who hate it. Similar intensity exists concerning "*New Yorker* short stories," a term which evokes comments like "magnificent" or "abominable," "admirable verisimilitude" or "pretentious eyewash," as the case may be. The editors, meanwhile, continue to deny that there is a *New Yorker* type of short story; aspiring writers continue to deluge the office with what they hope *are New Yorker* stories; and the magazine continues to publish more good short fiction than any other magazine now in print. Whether one likes the idea or not, *The New Yorker* has altered some of our boundary lines, literary and otherwise. Nowhere, probably, has it been more influential than in the field of the short story.

The first number of *The New Yorker* appeared on February 21, 1925. It was not until several years later, however, that the fictional type later to be called the "*New Yorker* short story" began to emerge. To simplify a complex matter, this "new" fiction was a breakaway from the unrealistic, mechanically plotted story which the imitators of the imitators of O. Henry and Kipling had reduced to a kind of literary garbage unrelated to life and unconcerned with truth. Among its ancestors were Henry James, who believed in the short story as a great art form with truth as its goal; Chekhov, who depicted real men and women in characteristic day-by-day actions; and James Joyce, who developed the story centering around an epiphanal, all-revealing incident which reveals the essence of a character or a situation beneath the facade of daily existence, the flash of lightning which suddenly illuminates an entire moral landscape.

Some time before Harold Ross conceived his idea of a weekly magazine "not edited for the old lady in Dubuque," the battle for freedom of form and idea had been fought and to a large degree won—in the pages of the little magazines and through the efforts of many writers and editors who had never heard of Kay Boyle or James Thurber or E. B. White.

The New Yorker, then, did not consciously effect a revolution in American short fiction. Rather, it helped shape a literary form which had already asserted its independence, and had already established its own direction. As *The New Yorker* grew (circulation, for example, rose from 77,500 in 1929 to 125,000 in 1934, during a period which saw the death of many small magazines with valid claims to literary respectability), its influence inevitably widened. The magazine possessed both snob appeal and legitimate prestige honestly won by publishing good fiction which did not depend for success upon a falsely rosy picture of American life or which did not rely heavily on literary hocus-pocus and legerdemain. Equally or even more important, it offered financial rewards virtually unheard of in the field of anything resembling serious magazine fiction. More and more good writers appeared in its pages, although frequently not with their best work: Sherwood Anderson, Erskine Caldwell, Rhys Davies, Nancy Hale, Shirley Jackson, Christopher and Oliver La Farge, Frank O'Connor, John O'Hara, Dorothy Parker, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Irwin Shaw, Jean Stafford, Peter Taylor, James Thurber, Thyra Winslow, Jessamyn West, E. B. White, Thomas Wolfe. It is foolish to deny the significance of a magazine which has published good work by these and many other authors, or to suggest that such writers have produced fiction according to a magic formula known as the "*New Yorker* story." On the other hand, the magazine has published hundreds of mistakes by good and bad writers alike, a long and dreary procession of self-consciously plotless sketches of people talking brightly or cynically in hamburger stands or cocktail lounges or subway trains, a series of smugly sophisticated or annoyingly oblique commentaries as unappetizing in their own way as is the trash of the big slick magazines. But over the long haul, issue in and issue out, *The New Yorker* has consistently published the best short fiction of any of the nationally circulated magazines either in this country or abroad.

A well-known critic a few years ago complained that most of the books he had been forced to review during a certain period of time had been either anthologies edited by Louis Untermeyer or books by *New Yorker* authors. His dismay to the contrary notwithstanding, one indication of the real importance of *The New Yorker* is the impressive number of significant volumes of stories by authors who are frequent contributors to its pages, collections such as J. D. Salinger's "Nine Stories" and John Cheever's "The Enormous Radio."*

Most of J. D. Salinger's stories are distinguished by the same qualities which made his first novel, "The Catcher in the Rye," a refreshing departure from the routine naturalistic story of adolescence. Salinger is an

*THE ENORMOUS RADIO AND OTHER STORIES. By John Cheever. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 247 pp. $3.50.
NINE STORIES. By J. D. Salinger. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 302 pp. $3.

—Lotte Jacobi.

John Cheever and J. D. Salinger—"not for the old lady in Dubuque."

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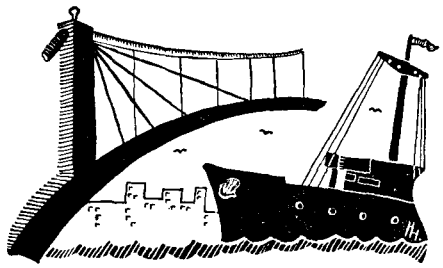
extreme individualist with a pleasing disregard for conventional narrative form and style. He possesses a saving sense of humor which makes even his somber stories very pleasant reading, a delight which is a far cry from the effect produced by some of the clinical slice of life sketches which for years infuriated so many *New Yorker* readers who were anxious to get on with the cartoons. Above all, Salinger appears to be ravenously interested in human beings, whom he depicts with understanding, without either sentimentality or condescension, something unusual in so young a writer. Even his weaker stories are peopled with memorable minor characters, people who appear on stage for a few moments only, but who are endowed with lives of their own, characters like the irritable father of a young genius in "Teddy," or the harassed window-dresser of "De Daumier-Smith's Blue Period," or the husband (who never appears in the story) of "Down at the Dinghy."

Among the best of Salinger's stories are "For Esmé—With Love and Squalor," "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," and "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut." Each is, in a way, a very different kind of war story, or rather each is a story of a war casualty. "Esmé" is the narrative of a precocious English girl and an American enlisted man with literary aspirations who is wounded in the Invasion. The second story depicts the suicide of an amiable and gentle American veteran with the wrong kind of wife. "Uncle Wiggily" presents us with a different kind of casualty, a young woman whose lover was killed during the war. Each story is humorous, warmhearted, even frivolous, in tone. But each, with the exception of "Esmé," is bleak and terrifying and tragic beneath the surface. It is this kind of contrast to which many of Salinger's stories owe much of their effectiveness.

Unfortunately, some of the remaining stories—for example, "Just Before the War with the Eskimos" or "Pretty Mouth and Green My Eyes"—have a tendency toward being chi-chi, cute, or even coy. I sometimes feel that Salinger, like Cabell's Jurgen, is occasionally too aware of the fact that he is a monstrous clever fellow. Whether *The New Yorker* has had anything to do with this is certainly no matter for a book reviewer to try to decide.

John Cheever's stories are less



spectacular than Salinger's, but at their best—and Cheever is usually very good—they improve with rereading, which is not usually true of a Salinger piece. In contrast to Salinger's informal narrative methods, Cheever's stories of New York's apartment dwellers—young college graduates on their way up, or slightly older ones on their way down—are extremely conservative. Cheever shuns the melodramatic, but his stories, beneath their placid surfaces, seethe with a kind of restrained excitement often not far removed from violence, "the peculiar excitement with which the air of the city seems charged after midnight, when its life falls into the hands of watchmen and drunks . . . the bus brakes, the remote sirens, and the sound of water turning high in the air."

John Cheever possesses an absolute genius for taking the usual and transforming it into the significant. His situations are, indeed, commonplace: a lonely husband whose wife and children have left him, a wholesome looking girl from the Middle West who comes to New York to attend a school for models, a respectable young man who buys his wife an enormous radio. But the lonely husband develops suicidal tendencies; the big, splendid girl becomes a masochistic, drunken ghoul; the fingers of the radio reach behind the bland facade of an apartment house to pick up details of lust, violence, and disease among its dwellers. Few writers have delineated more skilfully than Cheever the loneliness and sickness of a segment of contemporary society; his stories are permeated with a sense of vague regret not far removed from fright, the feeling one might have were he to awaken, alone, at three in the morning in a strange room in a strange city. "I cry," speaks the central character of "The Season of Divorce," "I cry because I saw an old woman cuffing a little boy on Third Avenue . . . I cry because my father died when I was twelve . . . I cry because of some unkindness that I can't remember . . . I cry because I'm tired —because I'm tired and I can't sleep."

John Cheever is one of the most undervalued American short story writers; it is good to have another volume of his work in print.

William Peden is associate professor of English at the University of Missouri and director of the Missouri Writers' Workshop.

To Be Sir Albert

THE STRUGGLES OF ALBERT WOODS. By William Cooper. New York: Doubleday & Co. 287 pp. $3.50.

By James Kelly

IF the reader has never known an Albert Woods, Napoleonic little Everyman with somewhat irregular ideas about getting ahead in life, it is high time for a meeting. And the acid-etched pages of "The Struggles of Albert Woods" provide exactly the right place and condition. With his second novel and first publication outside England, the pseudonymous William Cooper identifies himself as that rare bird—an original, amusing writer with plenty of wryly fresh things to say about the way of the world and people who live in it.

By the final page, Mr. Woods has done full justice to the step-by-step career of Albert Woods from humble beginnings to latter eminence as professor of experimental chemistry at Oxford, fellow of the Royal Society, developer of secret weapons for His Majesty's government during World War II, and temporary candidate for knighthood. Here is the Little Man fired by the Big Ambition, deftly pinned down in a light-handed satire of immensely learned scientists manfully grappling with problems of pure research deep in the heart of academic cloisters. Here, as background for a skilfully plotted and characterized story, are viable (and often very funny) vignettes of English social, political, and regular domestic occasions.

But the larger quality of "The Struggles of Albert Woods" stems from something else. Like Smollett and Fielding, Beerbohm and Saki, Mr. Cooper stands on the sidelines of his own fiction, commenting on the fine points and saying many wise things about the way the game is played. Armed with permeative irony and worldly-wise intuition, he punctures affectations and aims pithy comments at Man's well-known inability to put his intellectual and technical achievements to proper use. Not all of the character portrayals come off; sometimes the author appears to be examining his subjects rather than living through them. Occasionally the big word and the big idea get in the way of the simple effect. But final judgment must be that this novel is a resounding success, charged with exactly the mood, humor, and special scientific flavor that were intended in the writing of it.

"Can you be a great man if you

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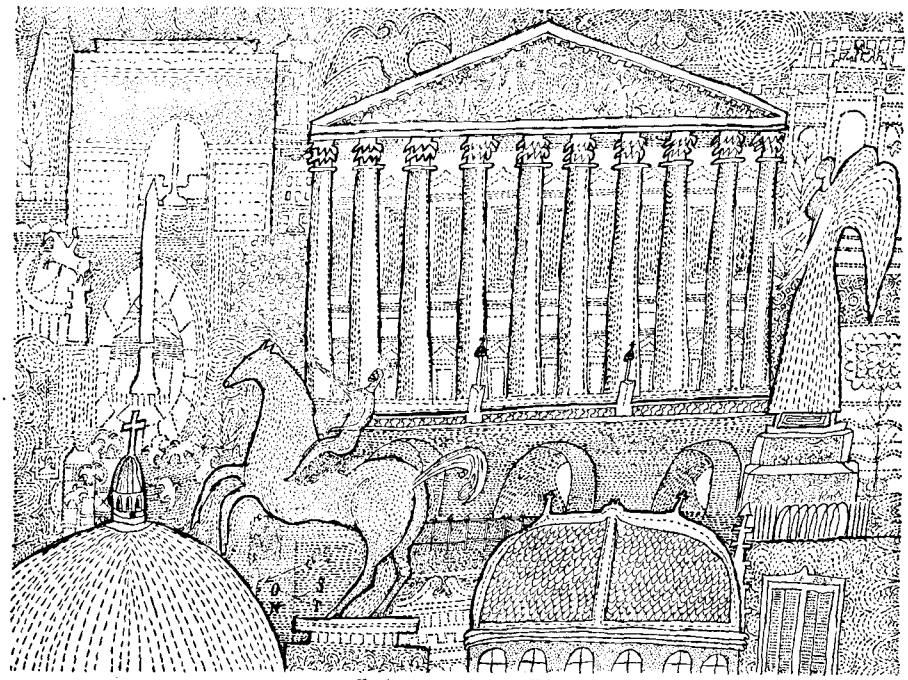
have a touch of the little man? That was Albert Woods's life problem. . . . The determination to be a great scientist burned with a bright flame in Albert Woods's boyish heart and it never dimmed. It is the story of his career as a scientist that I propose to tell. At the same time honesty compels me to add that this was not the only flame of greatness that burned up in Albert's heart. As life rolled on in sort of flames of greatness burned up with varying degrees of impressiveness or absurdity. . . . Enveloping them all was the concept of himself as a great Everyman. Nevertheless they were all great. All had the glow of Napoleonic inflation. And all of them in due course received that last touch of the little man."

As the result of a brilliant paper on chemical reactions which he wrote at the age of twenty-three, Woods was invited by Dr. F. R. Dibdin, prominent figure in experimental chemistry, to continue his work at Oxford (" . . . if you feel a young man is likely to be a rival in your own line it is not a bad idea to send for him to work with you"). Dibdin does not mind capitalizing upon the talent of underlings to advance his own professional ambitions, and it is not long before young Woods is using many of the same tricks to scramble up the same ladder. He woos and wins Dibdin's comely daughter, Margaret. He learns social aplomb, including how to live gracefully beyond his means. Always balancing precariously on the tightrope between scientific ethic and personal gain, Woods eventually teeters his way past his father-in-law to top responsibilities in both science and government. And then at the critical moment, when he has successfully risked his career in a speculative wartime research project and seems headed for knighthood, he is dramatically betrayed by his own inner man.

Apart from its other charms and humors, this is a novel for countless thousands who have always assumed on the basis of quick classroom exposure that chemistry is a drab subject and scientists lead dull lives. Evidently it isn't and they don't. It is also a novel for the scientists themselves who may seldom have time for novels but will get a guaranteed bang out of this one.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2. Anthony Trollope. 3. Christopher Marlowe. 4. Benjamin Disraeli. 5. Walt Whitman. 6. John Milton. 7. Geoffrey Chaucer. 8. Herman Melville. 9. Sir Thomas More. 10. Miguel de Cervantes.



—*End papers from "Hôtel Talleyrand," by Bobo Leydenfrost.*

Politics & Love

HOTEL TALLEYRAND. By Paul Hyde Bonner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 300 *pp.* $3.50.

By William Murray

AFTER a lifetime devoted to other pursuits, Paul Hyde Bonner retired from his postwar career in government service and at the age of fifty-eight began writing novels. In spite of the fact that he is so obviously a literary dilettante that one hesitates to think of him as a writer at all, it is impossible to read his books without being impressed at once by his evident sincerity and nearly swept away by his enthusiasm for the Continental way of life. "Hôtel Talleyrand" is Mr. Bonner's second novel and like his first, "SPQR," it is almost entirely based upon his experiences during the five years he spent in Paris and Rome.

In "SPQR" Mr. Bonner was mainly concerned with Roman high life and intrigue and the effect of life in a sophisticated European capital upon an intelligent but gullible member of the American foreign service. In "Hôtel Talleyrand" Mr. Bonner shifts the locale to Paris, juggles his plot around slightly, but on the whole adheres to the same successful formula. There are several subsidiary plots but the main one has to do with an unhappy love affair between Walter Haines, another intelligent but gullible member of our foreign service, and a beautiful Communist spy who eventually finds her Stalinist philosophy no match for young Walter's mating calls.

Many of the novel's other characters are also reminiscent of "SPQR." In addition to Walter and Germaine, the beautiful spy who nearly ruins his career, there are S. Livingston Locke, an ambitious and unscrupulous diplomat; his wife Eleanor, who spends most of the story fending off the romantic advances of a French count and a British brigadier; Christian de St. Avit, an aristocrat who dreams of reuniting Europe under another Holy Roman Empire; and Father d'Albret, a freedom-loving Catholic priest up to his ears in political intrigue. There are also some sinister Communist spies with appropriate names like Le Crépuscule ("The Twilight"), some local American types, and a group of Parisian *bons vivants* whose lives are passionately dedicated to dabbling in art, conversation, and food.

Like its predecessor, "Hôtel Talleyrand" is an uncomplicated and entertaining book not to be taken too seriously. Mr. Bonner does have some serious things to say about the problems and politics of Western Europe, but his ideas are badly weakened by over-simplification and his otherwise healthy desire not to allow the message to get in the way of the story. Although Mr. Bonner is no man to shy away from clichés ("Sex of course, had a habit of raising its ugly head from time to time"), he is evi-

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dently so pleased to be writing at all that he manages to communicate this pleasure to the reader. He is a well-traveled and sophisticated francophile with the outlook of an educated gourmet. His characters are always nibbling or sipping some Gallic delicacy which Mr. Bonner pauses in his narrative to describe in meticulous and loving detail. Unfortunately, his penchant for Old World culture occasionally grates on the eye, especially when he insists on providing the exact French phrase for everything ("It was an off day—*jour de relâche*"). But it is useless to criticize "Hôtel Talleyrand" as if it were an attempt at great literature. Its characters and situations are never quite believable, perhaps because Mr. Bonner is primarily concerned with entertainment and does not wish them to be.

Asperity of the Youth

COUNT D'ORGEL. By Raymond Radiguet. Translated by Violet Schiff. New York: Grove Press. 214 pp. $3.

By LAURENT LESAGE

RAYMOND RADIGUET flashed across French literature like a falling star. Only twenty when he died in 1923, he is remembered with wonderment by Cocteau and others who were eyewitnesses to his meteoric career and regarded as an extraordinary phenomenon by all students of French letters.

Of the two novels Radiguet left, "Le Diable au Corps" has been the better known. A story of adolescent love, it has been unreservedly acclaimed for its psychological penetration and its purity of style. Aldous Huxley found in it a directness and a simplicity that we expect only in the most experienced artists. For Cocteau it was a masterpiece of promise, a promise that was fulfilled by "Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel."

I have always felt, however, that "Count d'Orgel" should have preceded "Devil in the Flesh," for it is far more a work of apprenticeship. It was deliberately patterned after the seventeenth-century classic "La Princesse de Clèves," by Mme de La Fayette, whose concise analysis of the heart of a woman tempted by adultery Radiguet emulated. After the spontaneous outburst of his first book, he went into training, as it were, set himself to copying the techniques of the great model of the French psychological novel. The inhibiting effect of such discipline is evident in the lack of movement in the book. The characters remain static and unindividualized and the narrative congeals in blunt little sentences and maxims.

It is regrettable that the complete title, "Count d'Orgel's Ball," was not retained in the present translation, for, although the story ends before the costume ball takes place, it symbolizes the concept of life and love that gives the novel its profound significance. In it humanity seems caught in a comedy—or tragedy—of errors in which everyone is hopelessly confused as to another's motives or even one's own true nature. François, in love with the Countess, does not suspect his feelings are reciprocated, for he sees in her every act proof of her devotion to the Count. She, too, believes she loves her husband, and recognizes neither her growing infatuation for François nor his love for her. The very fact of community of feeling makes mutual understanding impossible. The Countess has no idea why François has laughed, just because he laughed for the same reason that she did. As human beings we appear doomed to ridiculous and tragic blunder, lose all chance for happiness through inability to grasp motives.

For many, Radiguet's greatness lies in his strict adherence to the great French classic ideal. In the midst of postwar extravagance he composed a clear and concise little book reaffirming the tragic beauty of passions dominated and controlled. Others, like myself, feel that what is truly remarkable is the cruel, precocious view Radiguet took of the human condition. If he had lived he might have learned to take a kindlier view of life. But in the "Count d'Orgel" we have only its reflection in the stony, embittered gaze of an adolescent.

New Fiction

The great number of titles published at this time of year and the fact that last week's issue was devoted entirely to university press publications have made it impossible for us to review all the important new works of fiction issued during the past fortnight in this issue. Many of the titles described below will be reviewed in forthcoming numbers.

THE ADVENTURES OF MOTTEL THE CANTOR'S SON. By Sholom Aleichem. New York: Henry Schuman. $4. In the last work of his career a great Jewish humorist tells of a young, early twentieth-century immigrant to America and his wide-eyed experiences.

THE BIG CHARIOT. By Charmian Clift and George Johnston. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.75. The authors of "High Valley" turn the clock back about four hundred years to the era of the Mings and Manchus who threw China into an era of strife.

THE CARDBOARD CROWN. By Martin Boyd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. An Australian-English clan undergoes a variety of unsettling experiences that result from social inbreeding and meandering.

CORPUS OF JOE BAILEY. By Oakley Hall. New York: Viking Press. $4.50. Two crammed decades in the life of young Joe Bailey include a passing parade of poverty, footballing in college, and frustration in love. His marriage forces Joe to solve his accumulation of psychological problems.

COTILLION. By Georgette Heyer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. London slickers briefly use country-bred Catherine Charing for their nefarious purposes in early nineteenth-century England, but she soon makes a place for herself in society in this light romantic novel.

DAY OF THE HARVEST. By Helen Upshaw. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. Prompted by revenge and resentment, a Negro starts a chain of events that boomerang into violence in this story of contemporary, yet still remembering, Mississippi.

GOLD PENCIL. By Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. Continuing the account, begun in "Tin Sword," of the outlandish activities of Joshua Doty. Here the young movie publicist establishes a haven for females with a variety of amusing, eccentric ambitions.

IN THE WET. By Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50. The author of such popular novels as "Ordeal" writes about a reincarnated character at large in Australia sometime in the future.

LILLY'S STORY. By Ethel Wilson. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.75. The story of Lilly, who frequently changes home and work and supplements her income in a manner that eventually sees her the mother of an illegitimate child. The support of the latter makes it necessary for her to further refine her talents.

MY HERO. By Maude Hutchins. New York: New Directions. $3. Writing in the same vein as her earlier "A Diary of Love," Mrs. Hutchins tells about a number of guilt hunted people who seek solace in various curious and not uninteresting ways.

NEW HEAVEN, NEW EARTH. By Arthemise Goertz. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. The author of "Give Us Our Dream" is writing about New Orleans this time and a family whose doctor-son is torn between a proper marriage or one below his station which promises greater emotional rewards.

THE RACER. By Hans Ruesch. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Clothbound, $1.50. New York: Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢. Erich Lester abandons honor, his wife's love, and friends in his pursuit of glory in the motor racetracks.

THE RETREAT. By P. H. Newby. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A novel of an R.A.F. pilot, back from the wars, who attempts to pick up life where he left it, but succeeds only in plunging himself and his former love into a bottomless psychological pit.

STRANGE LAUGHTER. By Pierre Molaine. Translated by Eithne Wilkins. New York: Roy Publishers. $3. How one sane person loose in an asylum destroys the normal equilibrium of its inhabitants.

TOMBSTONE. By Clarence Budington Kelland. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.75. An old hand at Western adventuring this time tells about the silver-mining city of Tombstone and how it is taken over by an ambitious and not overly scrupulous Easterner—a woman at that.

TORBEG. By Grace Campbell. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.50. The glens and the highlands of Scotland ring with cries for the restoration of Bonnie Prince Charlie in this ingratiating mixture of history and romance.

THE TROUBLE AT HUNGERFORDS. By Cyril Harris. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. John Balfe, school teacher, produces interest and turmoil among the Hungerfords mine workers in the Peekskill of the last century. —S. M.

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AND NOW... MILWAUKEE!

THERE is one thing that can be said without dispute about the baseball books published in the last decade—there have been a lot of them. By now, just about every major league club has had its history related. Many of the game's earlier heroes have been researched and introduced to the present generation, and nearly every active star has sat for his "autobiography" at least once. A sprinkling of picture books and a continuing number of how-to-play-the-game books have been brought out, and there have been collections of baseball anecdotes, baseball gossip, baseball oddities, and even a thoughtful survey of the historic role of the umpire. The mine, in fact, has been worked so exhaustively that now about the only books that remain to be written are the life stories of players who did not bust through to stardom until the preceding summer —*viz.*, this spring's list, Mickey Mantle and Bobby Shantz.

It is rather superfluous to state that, from this horde, there has come no book of the same stature as Ring Lardner's "You Know Me, Al." If such had been the case, we would all know about it, not just the avid baseball fan. There have been, however, a few really first-class books—Robert Smith's "Baseball," Tom Meany's study of Babe Ruth, Jackie Robinson's autobiography, and Arthur Daley's "Times at Bat," to name four which come readily to mind. The preponderate mass, though, has been, by and large, remarkable for its lack of distinction. The trouble would seem to be that the writers too consciously prepare a package for a special and ready market. This apparently produces an unimaginativeness and a patness.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND.

The New Crop

THE PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES. By Frederick G. Leib and Stan Baumgartner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

You couldn't have gotten a wooden nickel for a Philly in the lean years of the Twenties and Thirties. But while the nickel has done gone, the Phillies have gone up from last place finishes in the league standings to top contenders for all the chips.

THE LORE AND LEGEND OF BASEBALL. By Mac Davis. New York: Lantern Press. $2.95.

An all-star review of boners, skulls, goats, and fantastic happenings on the diamond.

THE STORY OF BOBBY SHANTZ. By Bobby Shantz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.

The meteoric rise of the pint-sized pitcher of the Philadelphia A's, who whittled down fat batting averages. Reveals pitching techniques which led to winning the American League 1952 Most Valuable Player Award.

THE MICKEY MANTLE STORY. By Mickey Mantle. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

"Who's going to fill DiMaggio's shoes?" Yankee fans wail. Young Mickey Mantle seems to be the Cinderella.

HOW TO HIT. By Johnny Mize. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.

Proper grip, stance, swing, and follow-through, described by one of the lustiest fence-busters the game has known.

Staple Items

THE OFFICIAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BASEBALL. By Hy Turkin and S. C. Thompson. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $5.

Vital statistics, records, stories and pictures of every player. Includes major and minor league history.

BASEBALL AND MR. SPALDING. By Arthur Bartlett. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 295 *pp.* $3.

The biography of A. G. Spalding and his contributions to baseball.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST AT BAT. By Dr. David F. Tracy. New York: Sterling Publishing Co. 168 *pp.* $2.50.

In 1950 the St. Louis Browns were blue—no hits, no pitching, no pennants. The management retained Dr. Tracy, a psychologist, to sit in the dugout and, by methods of hypnosis and autosuggestion, to try to overcome the defeatist complex of the team. Dr. Tracy and the Browns didn't have a good season—no hits, no pitching, no pennant.

BASEBALL TECHNIQUES ILLUSTRATED. By Ethan Allen. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.

Here's one for the kids on how to play baseball, taught by the baseball coach at Yale and former big-league outfielder.

BASEBALL IS THEIR BUSINESS. Edited by Harold Rosenthal. New York: Random House. $2.50.

How to watch the game and earn a living, described by experts in the fields of baseball broadcasting and televising, scouting, publicity, reporting, playing, managing, and umpiring. Each contributor describes the skills and training needed in his job.

THE WORLD SERIES AND HIGHLIGHTS OF BASEBALL. By Lamont Buchanan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.95.

Text and pictures of every World Series game from 1903.

THE BOOK OF MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL CLUBS. Volume I. The National League. Volume II. The American League. By Ed Fitzgerald. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $3 *a volume,* $5 *a set.*

A double-header bargain highlighting stories and anecdotes of every major league team.

BASEBALL CONFIDENTIAL. By Arthur Mann. New York: David McKay Co. $2.50.

A reporter's account of the Chandler, Durocher, McPhail, and Rickey rhubarb which bounced Durocher out of baseball, then brought him back in again.

TIMES AT BAT: A Half Century of Baseball. By Arthur Daley. New York: Random House. $2.75.

The noted sports columnist of *The New York Times* slips back and forth over many baseball seasons recounting many of the rib-tickling stories that baseball men love to tell.

THE BASEBALL STORY. By Fred Lieb. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.95.

Most histories of baseball start at Cooperstown. Mr. Lieb, a reporter

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intolerant of inaccuracies, claims it started at the time of the pyramids. In tracing the game, he tosses out the Doubleday lore and other generally accepted theories about the game and players.

A TREASURY OF BASEBALL HUMOR. Edited by Stan Lomax and Dave Stanley. New York: Lantern Press. $3.

Top sports reporters, short-story writers, and humorous essayists contribute to this delightful satire. There are enough laughs here to brighten the face of Sad Sam Jones.

THE STORY OF THE WORLD SERIES. By Fred Lieb. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.95.

Mr. Lieb has attended every World Series but one since 1911. Who could ask for more?

MY 66 YEARS IN THE BIG LEAGUES. By Connie Mack. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $2.50.

"Mr. Baseball" sizes up outstanding players, managers, and highlights of the game as they crowd into his memory.

CONNIE MACK'S BASEBALL BOOK. By Connie Mack. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Advice for youngsters on how to play various positions. Those who think they have the stuff big leaguers are made of couldn't get better counsel on how to climb the baseball ladder.

BASEBALL. By Robert Smith. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

This is a 1947 publication, but deserves mention because it will probably last as long as baseball itself. Traces the history of the game, its outstanding players, and its place in American life.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL. By Ethan Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.95.

In a pictorial approach, Mr. Allen gives the fundamentals of play in every position, and how to manage a team.

THE GREAT BASEBALL MANAGERS. By Charles B. Cleveland. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.

Successful managers discuss baseball strategy. The book also gives managerial viewpoints of baseball as it was played in the handle-bar-mustache days.

LOW AND INSIDE. By Ira L. Smith and H. Allen Smith. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

These Smith brothers will make you cough with laughter. There's little history or sequence here—just page after page of hilarious baseball doings.

100 YEARS OF BASEBALL. By Lee Allen. New York: Bartholomew House. $3.

Mr. Allen dips into musty box scores and statistics to trace a century of baseball. He deals largely with "grass roots" events and players.

BASEBALL'S GREATEST LINEUP. Compiled and Edited by Christy Walsh. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $3.75.

The biographies of players on an all-time baseball team, selected by the nation's sportswriters.

HOW TO PLAY BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL. Edited by Malcolm Child. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. $2.50.

How to play each position—described by big league players.

HOW TO GET TO FIRST BASE. A Picture Book of Baseball. By Red Smith and Marc Simons. New York: Henry Schuman. $2.50.

You'll never get to first base with this book. You'll die laughing. There's real-life action, packed in these handsomely illustrated pages.

THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEES. By Tom Meany. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $3.

The Yankees of today, with chapters on individual players.

MY FIFTY YEARS IN BASEBALL. By Ed Barrow. New York: Coward McCann. $3.50.

Reminiscences of baseball and players by the man who built the Yankees.

STORY OF BASEBALL. By John Durant. New York: Hastings House. $3.75.

The story of baseball from early days to the 1950's.

THE NEW YORK GIANTS. By Frank Graham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

There has been a lot of exciting baseball under Coogan's Bluff, and

(*Continued on page* 58)

BEHIND THE BOOKS: The American Institute of Graphic Arts opened its thirty-first annual exhibition of the "Fifty Books of the Year" at the Columbia University Club the night of April 7, and it turned out to be quite a party. Book people congregated, a professor discussed "The Future of Books," dinner was served. Dress was informal. The big event of the evening was the unveiling of the "Fifty," though there was a moment when attention shifted to 1,500 *other* books. These 1,500, it turned out, were not gate-crashers at all; they represented the thirty sets of "Fifty" winners since 1923, the year it all began, and they were presented *in toto* to the new Graphic Arts Library of Columbia. Anyway, this year's "Fifty," like their predecessors, were selected not on the basis of editorial content but on the basis of design, typography, manufacture, and concept. "Cheesecake," as one man put it, "book cheesecake." The selections were made one weekend in December by a three-man jury which had scrutinized no less than 670 books submitted by 169 hopeful publishers from coast to coast. Winners hailed from every part of the country, though New York easily outran all the other cities, with sixteen. Of the publishers, three were tied for first-place honors with three books apiece—Pantheon Press, N.Y., Princeton University Press, and the University of California Press. Win or lose, publisher participation in 1953's "Fifty" contest was enthusiastic, just as it has been ever since the *second* annual exhibition, in 1924. The first exhibition—well, there were difficulties. Seems publisher indifference forced the Institute to go from door to door to scrape together a handful of entries. In all, only eighty-three books were surrendered, fifty of which became *the* "Fifty." The 1923 exhibition went on a national tour that turned out to be a surprising success, and, by the time the 1924 show was announced, the publishers were rapping at the Institute's door. Like the first show, the 1953 exhibition will travel. —BERNARD KALB.

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Willa Cather's High Mesa

WALTER HAVIGHURST

Willa Cather—"curiosity, ardor, desire."

MORE than most novelists Willa Cather wrote a personal kind of fiction, personal in its origins and very personal in communication. Perhaps that explains the special interest and reward in her biography. Despite a deep reserve her art is personal, like that of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose complete works she bought in her student days and kept beside her all her life. Her biography blends constantly into her fiction, and adds to its meaning.

Not that her life was extraordinary. American families are often uprooted, and not infrequently an American child is taken as far from his first memories as Nebraska is from Virginia. Growing up on a prairie farm and in a windswept prairie town, attending the state university, schoolteaching in Pittsburgh and magazine work in New York—there is nothing remarkable in that experience. What was remarkable was the person. Nearly all her fictional people were drawn from Red Cloud, Nebraska, a raw town of 2,000 with wild land around it. It was not more interesting than any other drab town in America. But for Willa Cather that meager place became a rich mine of experience; it was inexhaustible.

Here is another reminder that the essential material is in the writer, and not anywhere outside him. Any corner of the world will do for an artist's upbringing and can give him nurture. If he has curiosity, ardor, desire, ("Desire is creation" runs like a persistent theme through Willa Cather's novels) whatever his experience is, it will serve him. He will find new things in it, and in himself, forever.

Much of Willa Cather's life becomes known to any reader of her fiction. Jim Burden and Neil Herbert show her discovery of the prairie and the prairie town, and her growing realizations of the narrow life of Nebraska. Thea Kronberg and Lucy Gayheart show her discovery of art and her aspiration toward creation. "Go West" was still an admonition in American economic life when Willa Cather was growing up; "Go East" was a necessity in intellectual and artistic life, realized in Willa Cather's experience and that of many of her characters. Two books* now simultaneously published, an official biography and a personal record, show with greater detail the pattern of Willa Cather's life which is projected into her fiction. They also show her at work in various backgrounds, in her warmhearted friendships, on her many travels, and in her gradual retreat, after 1922, from the postwar world.

The late E. K. Brown did not live to finish his biography—certainly a labor of love as well as of learning—but by good fortune it passed into the hands of his friend Leon Edel for completion. Where Mr. Brown left the work it is impossible to detect; the warmth, discernment, and illumination, the affinity of biographer for his subject, are maintained to the epilogue.

When he began the biography, E. K. Brown had the help of Edith Lewis, friend and companion of Willa Cather for forty years. Miss Lewis wrote extensive and revealing notes—so revealing that the publisher persuaded her to make a book of them. So the intimate portrait is here to put alongside the larger study. Much that appears in "Willa Cather Living" has been drawn upon in the biography, but the intimate record underscores the warmth and ardor of Willa Cather's nature, and its austerity. It includes matters of much interest that did not get into the longer work—Willa Cather's friendship with Mabel Luhan and the D. H. Lawrences; her moodiness at the Hotel Splendide at Aix-les-Bains, where King Alfonso and the Aga Khan were registered, and her recovery of spirit when she moved to a modest lodging; her love of beautiful jewels—though she never bought any. Miss Lewis describes in tones Willa Cather would have used their strenuous outings in the West, riding horseback over the desert from Taos, getting lost in the Mesa Verde. Her little book has room for details of the kind that Willa Cather would include—the quality of a voice, the color of places and their weather, Willa Cather's aliveness to landscape—"as a musician might be alive to an orchestral composition." It shows Willa Cather at work—in New York, in the summer cottage at Grand Manan, under the eaves of the Inn at Jaffrey, New Hampshire, and reading proofs in the New England autumn, sitting against rocks in October sunlight. It tells about Willa Cather's love and need of solitude.

THE longer biography gives careful account of the genesis of Willa Cather's stories and novels, and that means an account of her contest with Nebraska. It begins with a child's delight in the space and freedom of the prairie and a child's discovery of the Old World in lonely homestead cabins and huddled sod houses. Later she became restive in the provincial town. Her ardor and wilfulness, her study of the skeleton and anatomical drawings in a doctor's office (her first ambition was to be a doctor), her boyish clothes and manners made people talk. Years later she wrote of "the fear of the tongue, that terror of little towns." She saw Nebraska in its brief heroic years, when the wild land crushed or exalted its people. But change comes rapidly in America and she was overtaken by the new generation, machine-minded, profit-minded. The struggle was between vitality and conformity, between ardor and envious greed. In

WILLA CATHER: A Critical Biography. By E. K. Brown. Completed by Leon Edel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 351 pp. $4.

WILLA CATHER LIVING: A Personal Record. By Edith Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 197 pp. $3.

Walter Havighurst, professor of English at Miami University, Ohio, is the author of several novels. His most recent book is "Masters of the Modern Short Story."

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the second generation greed won out.

But memory is a reality, enduring as rock. And memory—at first personal recollection and then historic re-creation—gave Willa Cather her theme of "the precious, the incommunicable past." Her fiction reveals the contest and complication of her feeling about Nebraska. "The Sculptor's Funeral," "The Song of the Lark," and even "My Antonia" portray "the bitter Western town"; "A Lost Lady" is an elegy of its past innocence and ardor. Yet her fiction is a love story of the West, written with a homesick yearning. She fled Nebraska for her life, and for her life she often, repeatedly came back to it.

She despaired of Nebraska, and she gave it the exaltation of surpassing art.

Along with this tension in Willa Cather's feeling for the West, the biography shows tensions in her art and the growing freedom in her use of picture and symbol. The Brown-Edel criticism is discriminating but warmly responsive; it articulates a reader's feelings about the novels. "My Antonia" is "a gallery of pictures . . . illuminating one another . . . painted and arranged so that one may apprehend the values in the old Nebraska world, gone forever before the book was written." In "Death Comes for the Archbishop" the New Mexican country is most often seen in the long afternoon light, with strong colors and clear distances. In that serenity the various aspects of the country are set before us as on a frieze—"the grouping of its figures and their portrayal against a living background is the most beautiful achievement of Willa Cather's imagination." There is an especially searching commentary on that haunting, troubling novel, "The Professor's House," with its beauty, its austerity, its bottomless resignation.

WILLA CATHER wrote "A Lost Lady" in 1922 and began "The Professor's House" in the next autumn. Some years later she made her flat statement: "The world broke in two in 1922 or thereabout." Just at this time, after winning a Pulitzer Prize, she had her first popular success and her first substantial income. But she had already made Claude Wheeler reflect in "One of Ours" that "life . . . meant nothing at all unless it were continually reinforced by something that endured, unless the shadows of individual existence came and went against a background that held together." In the world of the 1920's she saw only violence and change.

This was the beginning of her

(*Continued on page 64*)

The Roots of a Writer

ELIZABETH S. SERGEANT

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Below are printed two fragments from a forthcoming memoir of Willa Cather by her friend Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, to be published by J. B. Lippincott Co.*

SOMETIMES Willa and I met by chance, at a literary gathering in New York; the one I best remember is a dinner given by Robert Frost's friends—about forty of them—in honor of his fiftieth birthday, March 26, 1925. It was celebrated in an old banquet room, a bit of shabby provincial France, at the Brevoort Hotel. The whole occasion had the charming innocence and sincerity of the unpublicity days. That retiring faun, R.F., who still tried for invisibility when he met the world, had brought Poetry with him. The Frost family clump, at the head table, Elinor with her rich fairness and Puritan line, Robert tossing his head back, Lesley and Irma were themselves the early New England spring personified.

No doubt it is with the aid of the old program of the evening that I remember some of the other faces—Carl and Irita Van Doren, Mark and Dorothy Van Doren, Elinor Wylie, Sara Teasdale, Jean and Louis Untermeyer, Ridgely Torrence, Dorothy Canfield Fisher . . . I vaguely see them. But what I really remember is Willa's large, impressive head, emerging from some rich low-necked gown with a touch of red that greatly became her.

Her neck, if bare, set this head with its springing bronze hair, which never greyed or curled, in just proportion. The hair was always done at the back of her neck in an unfashionable bun. Her lovely oval face brimmed with affection, her blue eyes gazed upon the hero of the evening as if he were a distant prospect, much admired. Like the Mesa Encantada, with a cloud mesa above it—so Willa has felicitously described it—imitating it and mirroring it in the intens blue above.

A reflection of Frost as he the was, before his hair was so snow and blowing and his skin so rosy pink and sand-brown from the Flo ida sun, comes into the portrait wrote shortly after this dinner. I sav his skin grey as a granite wall, pasture wall. Or in another light, col ored as Carrara marble, with mauv and golden shadows.

In his seventies, Robert Frost' head has the weight and balance o one of those Roman senatorial head that used to line our Bryn Mawr aca demic corridors. But the half-centur Frost of the Brevoort dinner insisted sculpturally, on the Greek mode. "A good Greek out of New England," a I wrote at the time. Pan himself a moments. Perhaps a subject for Skopa who, to the calm, still features of th classic day, added musing eyes, deep ly hollowed, and shadows of moder man's unrest.

Aroldo Du Chêne, an Italian sculp tor who lived on the ground floor o the house where I had my apartment had seen Frost rather more roman tically. But, as Du Chêne said, Frost' countenance was changeful, moody One could not hold him to the sculp tural line. Shrewd satiric wrinkle would break his cheeks, malice, wi and blue flame would fly toward th fool who ventured to make a still ou of life, to freeze a tempest—wha words did he use?

Many times that evening did I re gret having committed myself to try ing to capture in words the uncap turable essence of these two uniqu writers, two first-rate specimens who preferred the shade to the sun who did not at all fit into the col lective American literary pattern o care to do so; yet had already s deeply affected the American profes sors and their students, the critics, th elite among readers.

They had certain things in commo —there were likenesses in their dif ferences. Frost had never thrown of the effect of having been born in San Francisco in a rough-and-tumble age Nor Willa the starkness of her mi gration at the age of nine from a sof green valley to wild red earth. T both, the hardness of the basic strug gle for existence was a long memory that purified their approach to th

(*Continued on page 72*)

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Dilemmas of Moderation

THE WRITER IN AMERICA. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co. 203 pp. $3.

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

VAN WYCK BROOKS'S series which began with "The Flowering of New England" in 1936 has probably been the most read literary history written in our time. Paradoxically—or perhaps one should say naturally—it has also been persistently attacked and even more persistently snubbed, especially by historians and critics who allied themselves with various "new movements" beginning with that of the "debunkers"—who were waning when the first volume appeared—and ending with that of the "explicators," which was just getting under way at the same time. "The Writer in America" undertakes to set forth Brooks's convictions and thus to explain the method and purpose of his magnum opus.

The principal charges made against him are three, although they come down to much the same thing in the end. To the New Critics he is anathema, because his criteria are said not to be esthetic at all and his work to have, therefore, no relation to what is really important in literature. To the debunkers he was futile for the simpler reason that he was attempting to revive interest in writers almost all of whom they declared to be completely—and fortunately—dead. By the more moderate in-betweeners he was accused of failing to discriminate between the first-rate and the fourth, of loading down his account with long descriptions and analyses of writers who were, by any standards, trivial.

Without directly following the lines laid down by these attacks the new book manages a reply to all of them. The American literary past, dated or not, is worth examining because every literature must have a past and can profit by knowing what that past was. Minor writers, if they had influence in their own day, are part of that past and "usable" in one way or another — especially by Americans who forget too much and too quickly. The criteria employed were not narrowly esthetic because the virtues of no important literature have ever been exclusively such.

What emerges most clearly is the conflict between two views of the nature and meaning of literature. On the one side stand those to whom it is something very special and self-containing, a part of that Realm of Art where the value judgments appropriate are completely discontinuous with those which can be made in any other realm. To them it is also exclusively the concern of the few who can enter into it, and the aim of the artist should be not to win a large audience but to avoid the miscomprehension inevitable if such an audience is won. As John Crowe Ransom has put it, the poet should address himself to a "small company of adept readers," he should remember that "subject matter is trifling," that "an esthetic effect may exist by itself," that he should "care nothing professionally about morals, God, or native land," and congratulate himself that poetry has "lost its public support."

All criticism is worthless unless it is narrowly professional and practised by experts who comprehend the poet's intentions. The function of criticism is partly to reveal what even the small company of adept readers might miss; partly to separate more and more rigidly what is not pure art from what is. As Yeats once put it, the religious life consists in making all things equal, but the intellectual life in saying "thou fool." Presumably, therefore, the more people one can say "thou fool" to the more intellectual one is, and a good place to begin is not only with Mr. Brooks himself but also with almost all the writers, so-called major as well as minor, with whom he deals. Has not Emerson been recently dismissed as "a fraud"? Poe as a writer "exceptionally bad"?

—Carola Gregor.

Van Wyck Brooks—"persistently attacked."

Against this ultra-estheticism and this mania for excluding from all concern nearly all writers and nearly all readers, Mr. Brooks sets up his own pluralism. It assumes that the Realm of Art, though obviously not the same as that of morals or politics or daily life, is not completely discontinuous with any of the other realms and that major works of literature very often have been both imperfect on the one hand, mixed on the other—which is to say that they have neither perfectly achieved their intentions nor intended to be purely esthetic. Moreover, he is able to cite against the extremists a surprising number of writers and critics who might have been thought of as leaning towards his opponents. Santayana calls himself an esthete but he can say that "nothing is more barren than art which is interested in itself rather than its subject." Samuel Johnson was certainly no less learned than most of the "professionals" whom Mr. Ransom respects, but Johnson—far from despising all readers except the few adepts—declares that "by the common sense of readers—all claim to poetical honors—must be finally decided."

In one of his previous writings Mr. Brooks defined a great writer as "a great man writing." In the present book he uses a similar phrase and in the end that is probably what the argument comes down to. A "great man" is not necessarily a good, or at least a consistently, good man by usual standards. But he is something more than merely a good technician and his concern for something more than technique must find expression in what he writes. Form cannot exist unless there is something to which form has been given and that something must be capable of arousing at least a remembered concern. Even if poetry is, in Santayana's famous phrase, "religion which is no longer believed," it is at least concerned with something which was believed once, and great literature cannot be written about what never seemed important to anyone.

Seen in the light of the issues involved, the question whether or not Mr. Brooks's series of books was "too inclusive" is a rather minor one. The prevailing fashion is certainly to include too little; in fact, to include almost nothing at all.

Joseph Wood Krutch is Brander Matthews professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University and the author of a number of volumes on English and American literature.

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Lament for the Wizard

THE FORLORN DEMON. By Allen Tate. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 180 pp. $3.

By EDGAR JOHNSON

THE forlorn demon of Mr. Tate's title is the man of letters in the modern world. That world, as Mr. Tate sees it, has since the seventeenth century been ever more desperately split by the Cartesian dualism between a mechanized nature of materialist reality and a purely subjective realm of feeling. With these two disastrously divorced from each other and all the prestige of authority imputed to the former, there has been a decline in those sensibilities on which the true understanding or practice of art depends. It has not only made the literary man, Mr. Tate feels, an unhappy exile in a society that hardly supplies a public capable of understanding his insights; it infects the artist himself so that he becomes the victim of his own divided and conflicting efforts both to cater prosperously to a secular society and to explore the world of the spirit. His condition involves an inevitable alienation.

The pressures of our time intensify these difficulties by interpreting literature as no more than "communications," an endeavor "to sway, affect, or otherwise influence a crowd" which presupposes an automatized psychology of mere manipulation. Such a dogma degrades all art to propaganda and makes men a subhuman mob of preconditioned slaves. Against these perversions Mr. Tate asserts his conception of the true vocation of the man of letters: "to call attention to whatever he is able to see . . . to create what has not been hitherto known and, as critic, to discern its modes"—in short, "to render the image of man as he is in his time." And the true aim of literature, therefore, Mr. Tate insists, instead of being the production of mere affective responses, is a *communion* in which the reader is brought to share fully—heart, mind, and will—in the discovered reality of the writer.

But this is precisely the difficulty. "Men in a dehumanized society may communicate," Mr. Tate remarks, "but they cannot live in full communion." Our mass communications exist for the control of men; the propagandist applies a "stimulus," the public "reacts." In consequence (as in the mass media of advertising) utility sees human nature itself as a mechanism of drives, and words as goads or baits to activate those drives. Hence, Mr. Tate suggests, "our worship of *rapid* and exciting language, an idolatry that in one degree or another is the subject of most of these essays."

Such, in brief, is the viewpoint underlying the eight essays and five briefer articles making up this volume. Since they were, for the most part, delivered as occasional addresses or lectures, it was impossible that Mr. Tate should develop his position systematically from essay to essay, as he might have done in a connected series. No only is much of it stated, however, in the preface and the opening essay, but it is genuinely the unifying principle of them all, and it is genuinely and earnestly exploratory.

In the essay on Dante and "the symbolic imagination" Mr. Tate analyzes a poet in whom the imagery is the dramatic means of conveying a poetic insight flowering from a union of thought and feeling; in that on Poe and "the angelic imagination" he analyzes a writer at the parting of the ways where speculative intellect has broken down the connections between the perceived reality and the will, so that Dante banished from Florence was not so much an exile as Poe throughout his career. And Poe's alienation from his world, Mr. Tate points out, is characteristic: witness "Julien Sorel, Emma Bovary, Captain Ahab, Hepzibah Pyncheon, Roderick Usher, Lambert Strether, Baron de Charlus, Stephen Dedalus, Joe Christmas—all of these and more, to say nothing of the precise probing of their, and our, sensibility, which is modern poetry since Baudelaire."

—*Blackstone Studios.*

Allen Tate—"goads and baits."

Between the extremes represented by the medieval and the modern poet Mr. Tate explores other aspects of his theme, in essays ranging from a moving tribute in memory of Hart Crane to a penetrating reexamination of Longinus, from an analysis of Samuel Johnson's judgment of the metaphysical poets to a defense of Mr. Tate's own reasons for voting to award Ezra Pound the Bollingen Prize. In all of these he is acutely aware of the dangers and problems of criticism itself, an art not autonomous but ambiguously rooted in both philosophy and imagination, an activity both necessary and impossible.

"Like man, literary criticism is nothing in itself; criticism, like man, embraces pure experience or exalts pure rationality at the price of abdication from its dual nature. It is of the nature of man and of criticism to occupy this intolerable position. Like man's, the intolerable position of criticism has its own glory."

Edgar Johnson is chairman of the English Department at City College in New York. His most recent work is a biography of Charles Dickens.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 512

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 512 will be found in the next issue.

MLKHGFE HM DLC LDG

BLAHMN'O NLPOG,

QLPRGO LQ FCL

RHSNFE FPHTGM, FNG

TLPGM WDO TLPGO.

TEPLD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 511
Nothing so resembles a daub as a masterpiece. —PAUL GAUGUIN.

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Broadway Postscript

GOON GIRL

THE latest happy event on Broadway is the promotion of a beautiful young actress who for the last four years has been regarded as merely "promising" to a "goonfaced" performer who has definitely arrived. Kim Stanley, by the simple process of chopping off her hair, tieing a diaper around her rather full bosom, and remembering how she used to talk when she wore braces, has, in her portrayal of Millie, the awkward younger sister in "Picnic," added her name to an exclusive list of postwar American actresses which includes Barbara Bel Geddes, Julie Harris, Maureen Stapleton, Kim Hunter, and Geraldine Page.

Miss Stanley, whose previous activity had been as a model, a transparent-skirt waitress at the Park Sheraton Hotel, an off-Broadway and TV actress, and a Broadway performer in three short-lived plays, was originally called in to read for the part of Madge, Millie's beautiful sister. But when she looked over the William Inge script, she set her heart on Millie.

"There were so many things about Millie that were in mine and in a great many other people's adolescence," says the actress. "I asked the director, Josh Logan, if I could study Millie a couple of days and come back and do the first scene of the second act for him. When I did return with my hair tied back and wearing a pair of old pants and a man's shirt, I saw Josh make a face and say 'No,' but I went ahead anyway. Then he asked me to do the opening scene to see if I could scream and yell and hit the boys over the head. Finally he gave in, although I'm sure he had doubts about whether or not I'd work out."

Mr. Logan, who had visualized a fifteen-year-old girl in the role, admits that he had reservations about casting Kim as Millie. "But," he adds quickly, "I had never really seen Millie until Kim showed me what was in the part, and I decided that we could take a chance on the less vital visual aspects of her characterization."

Logan rates Miss Stanley extremely high among the actresses he has worked with. "She has amazing control despite the fact that she works on a very high emotional level. She makes an immediate impact on the audience and is enormously successful at giving the illusion of the first time at each performance. In addition, she is what I wish all actors were—*creative*. Almost everything she does in 'Picnic' she invented on her own, and all I've had to do is to edit a bit."

According to Miss Stanley, the development of Millie was a collaborative venture. First of all, she was able to borrow a great deal from her own early experience in San Antonio, Texas, where she grew up with the embarrassing handicap of having to wear braces on her teeth till she was seventeen. "They were the real artillery kind," she admits. "What I remember most was that I was always trying to cover up my teeth with my lips. Also the rubber band across the top kept my tongue from working as well as it should, and affected my speech." One of the critics accused Miss Stanley of talking like Marlon Brando, which she didn't mind because she thinks Brando is a fine actor, but actually she was just articulating the way she used to during her adolescence. Not only the braces, but all the defenses that come from not being considered pretty by boys go into her interpretation of Millie. "During rehearsals, Janice Rule [who plays Madge] and I worked by ourselves a lot and tried to find moments in the play during which we could reveal some of the inner life of the two girls. Mr. Inge helped us by changing the script so that instead of always fighting with me Madge at least had moments when she made a sincere effort to understand my problem. As it turned out at the opening in Columbus, I was playing Millie too wistfully, showing too much of her inner self without covering it with the defenses Millie would have used, and Josh had to get me to put some of them back into the characterization." This took some effort.

However, it appears that Miss Stanley was working in the right direction, for most of the changes that were made—as "Picnic" worked its way towards Broadway—were for the purpose of showing more inner growth by the characters. Instead of going back to the dime store as she did in the original, Madge grew enough to make the decision to leave and follow the man she loved, and Millie, instead of calling her a slut for having loved this man, now tries to understand her sister and at the play's end shows that she has begun to resolve her conflicts in a more mature way.

IN the process of changing, Miss Stanley's favorite line in the play was deleted. It came during the scene near the end of the second act when the school teacher, Rosemary, asked her unprepossessing boy-friend to

Kim Stanley—"almost everything she does she invented."

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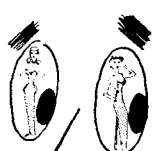
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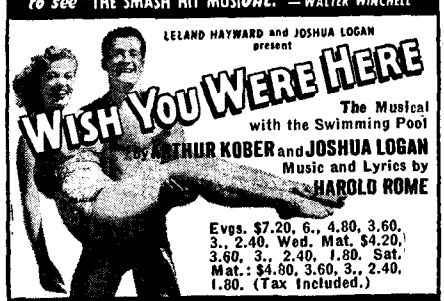
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dance with her. He replied, "Aw, honey, you don't get any fun dancing with me," and she answered pathetically, "The band's playing. You gotta dance with somebody." However, her favorite line in her own part has survived: "When I get out of college, I'm going to New York and write novels that'll shock people right out of their senses."

While Miss Stanley's performance in "Picnic" seems to be the fulfilment of Millie's dream, the actress's own personal dream is quite the reverse. "If some public-minded citizens from a city like Santa Fe or San Francisco would put up the money for a group of us actors to bring a series of really good plays to their community," she says determinedly, "I would leave New York tomorrow."

Not, I might add, if the producers of "Picnic" can help it.

—HENRY HEWES.

The Happy Critic

THE CRITIC PUTS UP: In addition to rambling about and immersing himself in varieties of drama outside the Broadway ken, Mr. Eric Bentley has performed many a useful function. He has collected two bookfuls of the sort of plays he most admires: **"From the Modern Repertoire: Series One,"** and **"Series Two"** (Indiana University Press, $5 each). While none of the plays in these volumes are likely prospects for commercial producers, they comprise a challenge for acting groups who wish to essay material that will extend their techniques. Most of the twenty plays in the two volumes are unavailable in other anthologies.

The plays, which give us a more concrete idea of the young critic's taste than do some of his violent reactions to the status quo, are not all by modern authors, but justify their claim to modernity by their candor and willingness to face cynical and unpleasant truths. Mr. Bentley's favorite—and a beautiful piece of writing, indeed—is Louis MacNeice's mystical "The Dark Tower" in "Series Two." Jean Giraudoux's "Electra" and Bertolt Brecht's "Galileo" are two other good examples of plays that deserve more consideration than they have received locally.

The notes on the plays are written sometimes by the anthologist, sometimes by the translator, and occasionally by the playwright. In general, they make no great effort to introduce the plays to a broader audience than is ready to accept them without explanations, but are content to theorize about various production matters.

—H. H.

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—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
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SR Goes to the Movies

A MATTER OF OPINION

THERE was a moment, about ten minutes before midnight (EST) on the evening of March 19, when all the meaning seemed to fizzle out of the ceremonies connected with the Twenty-fifth Annual Academy Awards Presentation. That was the moment when it was announced that "The Greatest Show on Earth" had been chosen the best motion picture of 1952. I sensed a noticeable chill emanating from the audience seated in the International Theatre in New York, where East Coast Oscar winners were to be congratulated. Up until then there had been scattered applause as winners were announced, a great deal of it when Shirley Booth not unexpectedly received her Oscar. This time, though, dead silence. A moment later I heard someone seated near me mutter: "Who decides these things anyway?"

Although there is a rumor that an accounting firm, Price-Waterhouse, does the deciding, it is not a soundly based one. A popular vote of the more than two thousand members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences decides upon the people to be honored with statuettes. But when one couples the award to Cecil B. DeMille for producing the best picture of the year with last year's sad choice of "An American in Paris," it does give one to wonder if this seemingly democratic method of honoring achievement has much validity. Among the movies bypassed for 1951 were two of the finest ever to come from Hollywood, "A Place in the Sun" and "A Streetcar Named Desire," and among those bypassed for 1952 were "High Noon," "The Lavender Hill Mob," "Outcast of the Islands," "Come Back, Little Sheba," "Limelight," "The Sound Barrier," and "The Big Sky." Each of the above movies represent no small amount of cinematic achievement; none of them was dull. "The Greatest Show on Earth," a slick, technicolored job, done along the mediocre lines of most DeMille extravaganzas, seems—considering the wealth of above-average pictures to choose from—a preposterous choice.

However, it made the splashiest box-office showing of the year, and it may well have been felt by the Academy membership that DeMille (never before honored with a producer's Oscar) was "due," so to speak. Then, too, "High Noon," a more logical choice, had already been honored by the New York Film Critic's Circle, and Hollywood now and then shows a noticeable aversion (perhaps rightly) to being influenced by a bunch of critics. Yet, as one runs down the whole list of awards, it is hard to escape the conclusion that there is something haphazard about Oscar giving. No one will fail to approve Shirley Booth as the cinematic actress of the year, but was John Ford the best director, when there were such outstanding virtuoso jobs done by Carol Reed in "Outcast of the Islands," Fred Zinneman in "High Noon," and Charles Crichton in "The Lavender Hill Mob" and "The Stranger in Between?" In these the directorial skill was such that they cast a brighter sheen over the year than anything given off by the amusing but somewhat treacly "The Quiet Man."

And to make the awards appear downright foolish we find "Moulin Rouge," which made a spectacular contribution to the color photography art even though its performances and script were dull, failing to gain so much as a nomination in this category, while "The Quiet Man" is again chosen for an honor it does not deserve.

Gary Cooper, as the year's best film actor, I won't entirely quarrel with, for he helped to make "High Noon" notable, but while he gains his third Oscar, Alec Guinness remains unsung by the Academy, even through three of his movies, "The Lavender Hill Mob," "The Man in the White Suit," and "The Promoter," were eligible for consideration. In fact, one can't help wondering if there isn't something of a snubbing of the British product, its directors and its stars. It is now fully evident that some of the most capable people in the business are in England, turning out one movie after another with qualities of taste, intelligence, integrity, and high entertainment value. The English, of course, are hardly in the position to do any of the lobbying on behalf of their pictures that Hollywood groups are able to do for theirs.

With no consistent standard of values emerging from its choices we are left to assume that Hollywood, in passing out high honors, operates with much the same mixture of attitudes that it does in producing its products, and that the combined membership of the Academy is able only, at best, to guess at what is good. So we see exhibited that same old fondness for sticky sentiment, an inability to distinguish between the pretentious and the real, a nostalgia for the past, a fear of the future. We see the tendency to value craft, no matter whether it be infused with slickness or integrity, over the honest emotion.

The award ceremony itself, held in two theatres at opposite ends of the country, was witnessed by an estimated forty million television viewers. A good many of these people are bound to get to the movies occasionally. But the commercials advertised television receivers, while the ceremonies obediently halted. Hollywood was not proud enough of itself to underwrite its own yearly honors. The show was not completely without interest, and Bob Hope's master of ceremonies efforts helped to make it sparkle occasionally, but all too often it seemed dull and pointless, more concerned with showing off its "glamour" than in attending to what we would have assumed to be its purpose, a dedication to continuing advances in the world's most popular entertainment medium. Every now and then on the big screen set up in the New York theatre there was a close-up of Oscar. The wavering image made him shimmy and undulate, as though he were doing a tango. Perhaps he was, perhaps he was.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

Call Me Madam: The uninhibited Ethel Merman in an engaging movie adaptation of the Lindsay-Crouse-Berlin show. (*SR* Apr. 4.)

Lili: Waif Leslie Caron wanders into a French carnival and takes up with the puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

Crash of Silence: Reviewed under its original title, "The Story of Mandy." Mandy is a seven-year-old deaf mute whose story is told in this sympathetic and adult British film. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

I Confess: Alfred Hitchcock conducts a victimized priest through numerous suspenseful tribulations in this thriller. (*SR* Feb. 21.)

My Cousin Rachel: Olivia de Havilland in a photoplay of Daphne du Maurier's melodrama. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

Little World of Don Camillo: Don Camillo, the priest, and Peppone, the Communist mayor, wrestle for the soul of an Italian village in this comedy-satire based on Giovanni Guareschi's novel. (*SR* Jan 17.)

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Music to My Ears

THE "MISSA" AND TOSCANINI—KOUSSEVITZKY—OPERA

IT WAS never my appreciation, prior to the last of this season's broadcasts by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, that the "Missa Solemnis" was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of Beethoven's creations. It had generally loomed in the memory as the marvelous, heart-melting "Benedictus" surrounded by much that was mighty and impressive, but rather distant and impersonal. The inordinate time in which Beethoven had toiled at it, its lack of ardent propagandizing—as Wagner, Berlioz, and others had, for example, extoled the Ninth Symphony—made it something to be experienced rather than anticipated.

I have heard my share of performances of the "Missa," but never one that humanized its content as did this one, by underlining at every opportunity the magnificently pictorial impulse that animated Beethoven. Whether it was the shafts of harmonic color that lit the darkness of the "Miserere," the compassionate sorrowing of the "Passus," the jubilant outburst at "Et resurrexit," or the trumpets heralding the day of judgment, there was always a sense of the life and death urgency of the expression. In so drawing us into the aura of this work, Toscanini involved every listener in the articles of his own artistic faith, with quite unforgettable results.

How this was done, musically, might well sustain a bar by bar analysis, but the simplest fact is that he knows the score better, probably, than any human since Beethoven. Whether it was the weight of brass to support the "Credo," the proper bassoon values to blend with a solo voice, or the effect—as of angelic wings—of the flute fluttering over the "Crucifixus," the parts all went together like fragments of a giant mural.

The Robert Shaw Chorale, remarkably well prepared, did a splendid work of its part, and the solo quartet performed valiantly, though its personnel was far from evenly matched. For a singer as new in the public eye as Lois Marshall to perform so strongly was worthy of compliments, but she remains a novice in many matters of phraseology and in the mere ability to be part of a quartet rather than just a solo soprano. Moreover, she was almost always slightly sharp, and there was little dynamic variety or tonal coloration in her singing. Eugene Conley left many values in the tenor part unexploited, and Jerome Hines seemed not always quite sure where to put the weight of his exceptional voice. He did, however, make a powerful effect in the "Miserere." Nan Merriman, who earned praise for one kind of performance in Bruno Walter's "Missa" several years ago, made an even more imposing thing of the mezzo part this time. The beauty of the sound she produced and its subtle coloration were well worthy of the occasion.

* * *

The tenth anniversary of the establishment of the Koussevitzky Foundation for the encouragement of contemporary composition paid honor in a Town Hall concert to the vision of that eminent man in more ways than he might have anticipated in 1943. I found the "Concertino" of Nikolai Lopatnikoff a vigorous, bracing score, and Luigi Dallapiccola's "Tartiniana" marked by much fantasy, a little miscalculation, but considerable skill, Edward B. Hill's "Prelude" a graceful if unduly derivative work, and Harold Shapero's "Symphony for Classical Orchestra" longer, probably, than he would write it today (it dates from 1945).

But the presence of Leonard Bernstein as conductor of the congenial repertory gave us performances of what might reasonably be called Koussevitzky quality—something not guaranteed to the composers in the grants to them. This reacquaintance gave us a brilliant flash of what we have been missing to illuminate our musical life these past few years. Both in spirit and polish, the performances gave the composers every opportunity to be heard advantageously. Ruth Posselt played the solo part of the Dallapiccola with rewarding artistry.

* * *

The City Center's first new operatic venture since Lincoln Kirstein became its managing director was a pretty production by Rouben Ter-Arutunian (scenically) of Joseph Rosenstock's painstaking preparation (musically) of Rossini's "La Cenerentola." As in the instance of the authentic "Barber" (rarely heard these days), Rossini asked for a leading lady who was both a mezzo and adept at florid singing—a combination which has kept "Cenerentola" off the stage, locally, for numerous generations.

Unfortunately, all that conductor Rosenstock was waving was a baton, not a magic wand; thus the efforts of Frances Bible, though in all ways conscientious, well-studied, and tasteful, were still not the central support required in such a venture. Rossini's gaiety is communicative under any name ("Barber" or otherwise) and there is a welcome variety in this version of the Cinderella story, but it is hard to believe that what one heard from this cast was a satisfactory equivalent of what Rossini had in mind.

Beyond the hard-working, small-scaled Bible, the cast provided Laurel Hurely (the temptation to call her Laurel Hardy is almost irresistible) as a vivacious Clorinda, Edith Evans as an acceptable third sister, and Richard Wentworth as their father. Prince Ramiro demands much more suavity and power than was provided by tenor Richard Manning. George Gaynes was his usual adept self as Dandini.

On the evening of the City Center's "Cenerentola" George London made his first foray onto the Metropolitan stage as Scarpia in "Tosca." Unless general impressions are inaccurate, this was his first Scarpia ever, in terms of which it had purpose, a deal of physical suitability, and rather respectable assurance. But London has considerable to learn about the musical values of the role, not to mention its dramatic subtleties. Withal, he has the temperament and a sufficiency of voice for Scarpia, given some considerable seasoning, which he now lacks.

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Record Week

IT is hardly an original observation (but one worth repeating) how

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much better French orchestral music fares in this period than French vocal music. For the pleasures of Chabrier's "Joyeuse Marche" we are offered an incisive, embracing treatment by Ernest Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra (on London LL 696, $5.95, as part of a varied, equally well-served sequence of Saint-Saëns, Debussy, Ravel, etc.). For the same Chabrier's delightful "Les Cigales" and "Villanelle des petits canards" the best the same London can offer (on LL 644, $5.95) is the dullish voice and limited spirit of Jacques Jansen, a Parisian baritone who was here briefly a few years ago for a Metropolitan "Pelléas," but with no greater claim to distinction.

If Jansen lacks the wit or spirit to make much of Chabrier's songs, he is even less the man for Ravel's "Chansons Madécasses" and the Debussy repertory (the three ballades of François Villon, "Le Promenoir des Deux Amants" and "Fantoches") which make up the major part of this disc. The exotic note which Madeleine Grey gave to the Ravel songs are no part of Jansen's equipment, and his treatment of Debussy, if serious and well-intentioned, is too prosaic in spirit, too lacking in vocal magic to tempt the attention. Jacqueline Bonneau is the listenable pianist (especially good in Chabrier), with Maurice Gendron (cello) and Jean Rampal (flute) offering worthy assistance in Ravel.

For another specimen of French vocal art, one may consult Urania 7070 ($5.95) on which Geori Boué sings operatic excerpts from "Faust," "Hérodiade," and "Louise," with a second side devoted to favorite songs of Debussy ("Mandoline," "Il pleure dans mon coeur," and "Green"), Fauré ("Clair de lune," "Les roses d'Ispahan," and "Au bord de l'eau"), and Duparc ("Chanson triste" and "Phidylé"). To judge from her prominence on records (Marguerite in the Beecham "Faust", Thaïs in the recent Urania issue) M. Boué is as representative a soprano as France can offer; but even in this handpicked, scarcely exacting repertory her assets are too limited in color, too shallow in emotional resource for substantial satisfaction. Oddly enough, the songs convey more conviction than the operatic excerpts; but hardly enough to make one indifferent to her narrow dynamic range, her limited tonal palette. George Sebastian manages the orchestra well, which is more than one can say for the recording engineers. The empty space around the soloist's sound is all too palpable, the artificial fade-ins and fade-outs to provide climaxes not even persuasively done. Maurice Faure is the able accompanist for the songs. —Irving Kolodin.

TV and Radio

A MAN'S TELEVISION SET IS HIS CASTLE

THE crisis came on a Sunday evening—March 22 to be exact. At exactly 7:50 o'clock Eastern Standard Time to be scrupulously exact.

She was looking over the night's TV listings.

"Whom do you think is on Ed Sullivan's show in ten minutes!" she exclaimed.

"I don't know. Whom is?" I asked.

"Rita Hayworth, Shirley Booth, Debbie Reynolds, Lilli Palmer, and Roberta Peters," she announced.

I knew the names only too well. I had known all day. I also knew that on the opposition channel at exactly the same time was the Colgate Comedy Hour with Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor, Abbott and Costello, Martin and Lewis, and Donald O'Connor. And I knew that she knew I knew they were on.

She also knew that I knew they were on. Her problem was to have us agree before the next ten minutes to watch Rita Hayworth, Shirley Booth, Debbie Reynolds, Lilli Palmer, and Roberta Peters. Mine, to wangle us into watching Hope, Cantor, Abbott and Costello, Martin and Lewis, and O'Connor.

The big television networks, fighting as they do for the elusive high rating, are little concerned with the crumbling of a man's home. Programs are indiscriminately placed in direct opposition one to the other, regardless of domestic consequence.

That she likes Ann Sothern and I much prefer Wally Cox opposite Miss Sothern is of little import to the executive vice-presidents in charge of programming. Perry Como sings for our supper while I wonder where John Cameron Swayze is hopscotching for headlines on the competitive network. The same goes for Dinah Shore and Doug Edwards with the news. When I should be at ringside for a Wednesday night fight I'm watching "This Is Your Life." The Studio One and Robert Montgomery presentations play simultaneously across the street from each other. As do Walter Winchell and Ed Murrow, the All Star Revue and Jackie Gleason, State of the Nation and Kukla, Fran, and Ollie, Mama and Ozzie and Harriet, Milton Berle and Fulton J. Sheen. Although, due to personal contractual obligations, I am permitted to watch Berle. That I have to recite Psalm 23 before the show comes on is beside the point.

I don't believe it's asking too much for the networks to spread their shows around to give us all a chance. I imagine my problem is the problem of all television viewers, although five or six years ago when we first got our TV set the problem was not too critical. Then she was content just to watch the box light up. That was the year she became a television director.

"Make it lighter," she directed. "Make it softer. Make it darker. Make it louder. Make it clearer." And once when it was getting near bedtime, "Make it faster."

Then selectivity set in.

In the olden days of radio there was little or no problem about selecting programs. Living in an apartment with three rooms and a bath I soon discovered that four radio sets pretty well covered every contingency. And even when television brought baseball into her life and she became a Yankee fan, I watched her Yankees play on our TV screen while I held a portable radio close to my ear and rooted for the Giants.

WHILE I was going through this flashback the minutes were ticking away. It was nearly eight o'clock. Realizing the futility of logic, and remembering that I had always fought for the show I wanted to see and lost, I suddenly improvised a diabolical scheme.

"Well!" I exclaimed, "Rita Hayworth you say? And Shirley Booth, and Debbie Reynolds and Lilli Palmer and Roberta Peters all on one show? Let's watch them instead of Bob Hope and Eddie Cantor and Abbott and Costello and Martin and Lewis and Donald O'Connor who are on at the same time on the other network!"

So we did.

But I don't believe I was the only loser that night. Even if one program grabbed off the highest rating ever, what is a network profited if it shall gain a whole listening audience but continue to break up homes? Who will be left to buy the large economy family size?

If the networks won't cooperate in smoothing out this critical domestic issue it's up to the viewers, especially those who are about to buy their first sets. Don't be misled by advertisements announcing the large twenty-four-inch screens. Buy two twelve-inch screens. And don't think of it as losing your eyesight but rather as gaining a wife.

—Goodman Ace.

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BASEBALL

(*Continued from page 48*)

Mr. Graham hasn't missed a single pitch.

Coming Up

THE UMPIRE STORY: The Man Nobody Likes. By James M. Kahn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

A history of the men with the little whisk brooms. Fans and players often may want to "kill the ump," but as one famous arbiter once said, "You can't beat the hours." (June)

MR. UMP. By Babe Pinelli. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. $2.50. (April)

MY KIND OF BASEBALL. By Rogers Hornsby and J. Roy Stockton. New York: David McKay Co. $2.50. (June)

DODGER DAZE AND KNIGHTS. By Tommy Holmes. New York: David McKay Co. $3. (April)

THE REAL McGRAW. By Mrs. John J. McGraw. New York: David McKay Co. $4. (May)

THE ARTFUL DODGERS. By Tom Meany and Others. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $3. (June)

HANK SAUER. By John V. Hoffman. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $2.50. (May) .

GREAT NEGRO BASEBALL STARS. By A. S. Young. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $2.50. (May)

BOBBY SHANTZ. By Ed Delaney. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $2.50. (May)

—ROBERT COUSINS.

Jeu de Spring

DOUBLE HEADER: There have been numerous attempts to capture in prose or poetry the magic that is baseball. Most of them have been pretty sorry affairs. Indeed, our only completely successful baseball stories have been those—by the late Ring Lardner—which brutally destroyed the magic by revealing a world of chicanery, double-dealing, and stupidity, cynically populated by crooks and cretins. Now in time for the opening of the 1953 season Mark Harris has come

up with a novel, **"The Southpaw"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) that is the best straight—as distinguished from Lardner's satirical—treatment of baseball we have yet had. Mr. Harris has written a serious novel, skilfully using the folklore and mythology of baseball to illuminate some pleasant and unpleasant aspects of contemporary American character.

His story is the story of Henry Wiggin. Born in the upstate New York community that is the spiritual home of baseball—here called Perkinsville —Henry lived, breathed, and dreamed baseball. A phenomenal player, Henry shot quickly into place on the fabulous team of the New York Mammoths (Mr. Harris gives all his characters and places names as disguising as that one) and in a short time was well on his way to becoming one of baseball's "immortals." In the course of these developments—told in semi-literate first-person prose—Henry learned, as will the reader, a great deal about the racket as well as the game of baseball, about himself, and about the American veneration for and sacrifices to the symbols of success.

Mr. Harris's novelistic achievement is a considerable one. He has taken a long, serious, and penetrating look at American mores and morals. And he has done this while telling a highly dramatic, colorful, and absorbingly exciting action story. The baseball fan will certainly be caught up by the tense recapturing of the excitement of games and plays, by the thrill of recognizing thinly disguised events and personalities of recent as well as past baseball history, by the beautiful handling of the fantasy world that is baseball statistics. Even the benighted reader who has not yet experienced the thrill of a major league game will find himself sitting on the edge of his seat waiting for the next pitch. But more than that, he will, as has been indicated, find himself engrossed in a thought-provoking novel about contemporary life. Mr. Harris has, in effect, provided a double-header and you shouldn't miss it.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

POETRY

(*Continued from page 30*)

ty-nine poems, the scope of which is still wide enough to suggest the tragic nature of life and two characteristic reactions to this knowledge: nostalgia and acceptance.

In taking for his so-to-speak protagonist the disciple of Plotinus, Mr. Hemley does not make of Porphyry an Everyman, or if so, only potentially. For though every man must make the journey through time, usually conceived of as a continuum, a horizontal journey, it is not given to every man to attain the hazard of timelessness, the transcendence, the journey of the perpendicular. Most of these poems record experiences on the horizontal path; only one, the name poem, speaks of an event that may have been but a divination.

The outstanding quality of these lyrics is their musicalness, to which is added imagination and a delicate rightness in what I prefer to call diction rather than rhetoric. Yeats said: "We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but out of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry." With this as a yardstick, Mr. Hemley has had a quarrel with himself and has resolved it with one of man's greatest aids—the imagination. At this point, Yeats, again, has something apposite to say: "If you liberate a person or a landscape from the bonds of motives and their actions, causes and their effects, and from all bonds but the bonds of your love, it will change under your eyes and become the symbol of an infiinite emotion, a perfected emotion, a part of the Divine Essence."

To my mind, it is imagination of this order, a moral act, that interprets the story of Nebuchadnezzar in the first poem, "By the River's Edge." Nebuchadnezzar, the king, it is true, is demoted from his high estate, but pity has spared us the horrifying spectacle of the grovelling human on all fours, nibbling the earth. Instead, we have Nebuchadnezzar, wild stallion, with crown agog upon his head, the purple robe upon his shoulders, the monarch transmogrified into a horse, a beast, but still royal.

Nostalgia covers with a nacreous shimmer the remembrance of childhood in "Seas and Seasons" and in "Once," but in only a few poems—too few, for my taste, if Mr. Hemley is a young man—does one hear the note of passion. "Death Date of a God" and "Lord in My Heart" make the blood pound faster, whereas the more

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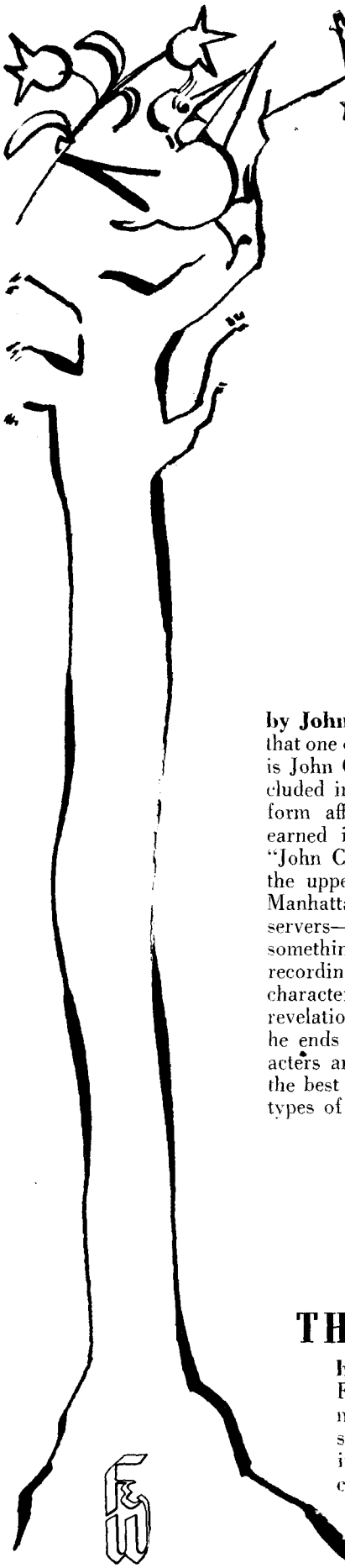
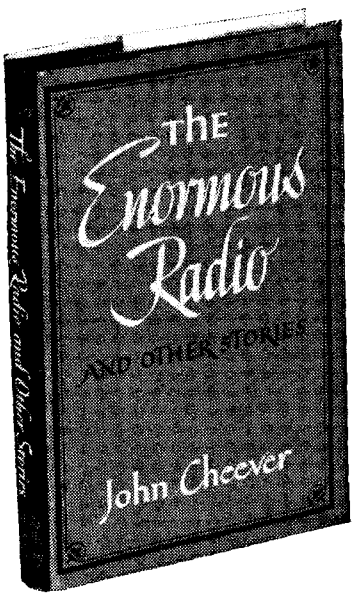


like the springwort*

F&W's new list opens the door to a treasury of reading delights: the springwort according to Funk & Wagnall's FOLKLORE DICTIONARY (2 vols. $20) is "the key flower of medieval European folklore, which opens doors and mountains and often reveals treasure. . . . It is obtained from a woodpecker by stopping up the hole to her nest; she will go off and return with this flower to reopen it." Here are three of our spring books, just published; if you like the sound of any of them, do not waste time looking for a woodpecker's nest—pluck a sprig of springwort and head for your bookseller—

THE Enormous Radio

AND OTHER STORIES



by John Cheever. Readers of the *New Yorker* know that one of the finest living American short story writers is John Cheever. Fourteen of his recent stories are included in this new volume. Their publication in book form affirms the position which they have already earned in American fiction. Says Malcolm Cowley: "John Cheever is an accurate and subtle observer of the upper middle classes in the Upper East Side of Manhattan Island. There are a few other such observers—John O'Hara for example—but Cheever has something more than the camera eye and the tape recording ear. He also has the gift of leading his characters to moments of ultimate and absolute self-revelation, so that after recording their daily behavior he ends by showing us their naked hearts. His characters aren't merely described and don't merely live: the best of them rise above themselves into permanent types of human experience." $3.50

NO STONE UNTURNED

by Ian R. Hamilton. The hilarious inside story of the theft of the Stone of Scone by the ringleader of this most outrageous and incredible prank of modern times. The *New Yorker* calls it "a high-flying Buchan adventure, altogether fantastic and altogether delightful." $3.75

THE BOOK OF THE CORONATION

by Francis Hunt, with fifty illustrations in color by Alan Lindsay. For everyone viewing the Coronation films on TV, or following the newsreel and radio reports, this full-color, pictorial account and description of the Coronation ritual, symbolism, and pageantry will add immeasurably to the enjoyment of this most solemn and colorful ceremony. $1.50

FUNK & WAGNALLS NEW YORK 10

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delicate poems work on the waves of the mind. Here is nothing banal and nothing eccentric and nothing obscure to a literate mind. If any one literary influence could be noted it is that of Wallace Stevens; but all in all, Mr. Hemley is his own man, a philosophic man and well worth many readings by a real lover of poetry.

—JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER.

AN ELIOT HANDBOOK: Recently T. S. Eliot's poetry and drama, scattered in about a half dozen thin books, has been collected into one stout volume. The paradox, as W. Y. Tindall has pointed out, is that this so-called private poet has thoroughly invaded the poetic consciousness of a generation of writers and readers. The proof can be seen as much in the enthusiasm of his champions as of his detractors.

The complexity of his poetry has naturally encouraged commentators. R. P. Blackmur's essay, one of the earliest and best, has recently been republished; and now George Williamson, another early champion, has written **"A Reader's Guide to T. S. Eliot"** (Noonday Press, New York, $3.50), a poem-by-poem analysis, preceded by an introductory chapter on Eliot's critical principles. In the recent past we have also had books by F. O. Matthiessen, Elizabeth Drew, and Helen Gardner, and essays collected by Leonard Unger. Mr. Williamson's innovation is that he treats each poem individually, and he does so with many excellent qualities. He draws on his thorough knowledge of the poet and his wide-ranging literary background; and he explains each poem within its proper framework, avoiding the casuistry that can come from oversubtle analysis. One may still question his book's avowed purpose, as implied in the title, that it is aimed at the inexperienced reader. Both Drew's and Gardner's books, which group the poems in chronological order, are superior "guides." Williamson's analyses, which often show finer balance and greater depth, will stimulate the relatively experienced reader of Eliot.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

Just Published

The books described below, published this week and last, cannot all be reviewed in this issue because of lack of space. In many instances they will be reviewed in forthcoming numbers. New fiction is described elsewhere in this issue.

THE AMERICAN WAY. By Shepard B. Clough. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $4. A member of Columbia's history department takes inventory of our resources and economic capabilities in a discussion of ways of preserving our strength and maintaining our prosperity.

AUSTRALIA. By Kyle Tennant. New York: St. Martin's Press. $4.50. Combining historical sweep with lively narration, the author goes back to the early days when European colonizers found it convenient to export undesirables to Australian shores and traces in detail Australia's rise to current world importance.

CAMPUS GODS ON TRIAL. By Chad Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50. Mr. Walsh, a poet in residence at Beloit College, speaks his mind on the variety of influences that converge on the minds of students as they enter college and proposes his doctrine of Christianity as a countermeasure.

CELLULOSE: THE CHEMICAL THAT GROWS. By William S. Haynes. New York: Doubleday & Co. $4. The first volume in Doubleday's "American Industry Series" describes the research done on and uses made of a chemical that has served industry well.

COLLECTED POEMS: 1934-1953. By Dylan Thomas. *New York: New Directions.* $3.75. Two decades of work of a modern and major Welsh poet.

THE COMPLETE MADISON. By Saul K. Padover. New York: Harper & Bros. $4. With the same expertness that characterized his anthologizing of Jefferson's writings, Mr. Padover presents, with comment, the political and philosophic views of Madison as revealed in his writing.

THE COTTON KINGDOM. By Frederick Law Olmstead. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.75. A new edition of a classic volume on social and economic activity in the antebellum South. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., provides a biographical sketch of the journalist-author.

CREATIVE INTUITION IN ART AND POETRY. By Jacques Maritain. New York: Pantheon Books. $6.50. These Andrew W. Mellon lectures, delivered at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., by the distinguished French man of letters, aim to clarify the ties between art and poetry.

CREOLE CITY. By Edward Larocque Tinker. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6.50. Pre-Civil War New Orleans comes alive in this recounting of men and events, major and minor, that have shaped its history.

DUMBBELLS AND CARROT STRIPS. By Mary Macfadden and Emile Gauvreau. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.95. Gossip and pathos meet in this behind-the-scenes view of the private life of physical culturist Bernard Macfadden by his former wife.

ENGLAND'S PAST PRESENTED. By A. M. Low. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. Capsule views of the long chain of England's rulers, with pertinent information on the reign of each.

AN EXPERIENCE OF CRITICS. By Christopher Fry. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.25. The noted English playwright ("The Lady's Not for Burning," "Venus Observed") turns the tables on critics by criticizing them, but permitting them short rebuttals.

FREEDOM AND AUTHORITY IN OUR TIME. Edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein, R. M. MacIver, and Richard P. McKeon. New York: Harper & Bros. $6. The twelfth symposium of the Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion brought together a host of notables with some fresh ideas and perspectives that are collected in this volume.

THE FORLORN DEMON. By Allen Tate. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $3. A collection of essays on the plight of the artist in a materialistic world. The "forlorn demon" is Poe.

THE HILLS ARE STRONG. By Rollo Walter Brown. Boston: The Beacon Press. $3.50. The autobiography of a writer ("The Creative Spirit") and teacher (Wabash, Carleton, Harvard).

LIFE'S HIDDEN SECRETS. By Edward G. Collinge. New York: Roy Publishers. $3. Transfiguration, theosophic speculation, and assorted mystic philosophies are traced to their Eastern roots and discussed in terms of their value to the Western world.

LORENZO IN SEARCH OF THE SUN. By Eliot Fay. New York: Bookman Associates. $2.75. A professor of Romance Languages at Emory University takes the reader on a tour of Italy, Mexico, and the American Southwest with D. H. Lawrence, who translated his observations and reflections into his novels and other writing.

OCCULTISM. By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Sha. New York: Roy Publishers. $4.50. Varieties of demonology, witchcraft, magic, alchemy, and exorcism are explained and traced historically by a specialist on occult subjects.

PAGEANT OF THE ROSE. By Jean Gordon. New York: Studio-Crowell Publications. $5. Throughout the ages the rose has held a peculiar attraction for man (and woman) that has won it a special place in literature, social custom and the fine arts. Miss Gordon traces the history of the flower.

PAN-SLAVISM: ITS HISTORY AND IDEOLOGY. By Hans Kohn. Notre Dame, Ind.: University of Notre Dame Press. $6.25. A noted historian traces Slav nationalism from 1815 to 1950 and discusses its relationship to the West.

THE RETURN TO REASON. Edited by John Wild. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $7.50. Essays by a number of professors from all parts of the country expounding the principles of the neo-Aristotelian Association for Realistic Philosophy.

SIMPLE TAKES A WIFE. By Langston Hughes. New York: Simon & Schuster. $1.95. A continuation of the adventures of Jesse B. Semple, "Simple" for short, who goes courting and bar-hopping while waiting a divorce from his wife. The philosophic humor is supplied by a noted Negro poet and short story writer.

THE SOVIET IMPACT ON SOCIETY. By Dagobert D. Runes. New York: Philosophical Library. $3.75. The question of how deeply into Russian life Communist control has extended its pressures to effect conformity is the main concern of this study.

THE STARS ARE YOURS. By James Sayre Pickering. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.95. Mr. Pickering, a special lecturer at the Hayden Planetarium informally discusses what one can learn from the sky using only the naked eye.

STATE IN THE MAKING. By David Horowitz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50. In telling of the three years, 1945-1948, that preceded the creation of Israel, Mr. Horowitz describes the investigations of the Anglo-American Commission and the protracted difficulties between Jewish officials and the British government.

THE STORY OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA. By Irving Kolodin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, $7.50. New York's sixty-seven year old musical landmark receives a full treatment from prima donnas to finances from *The Saturday Review's* associate editor and music critic.

TO THE BULLFIGHT. By John Marks. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. The gory art of bullfighting and the refined techniques that excite bull and spectators alike are discussed in terms of Spanish and Mexican culture.

THE VAGRANT MOOD. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. Critical and reminiscing essays by one of our hardiest contemporary writers who is equally at home writing about the little-known painter Zurbaran as he is in discussing people like H. G. Wells and Edith Wharton who were personal acquaintances.

WHO COOKED MOTHER GOOSE? By Dick Ashbaugh. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.75. A humorist makes the most of the difficulties that beset him as the lone male in a family of four. —S. M.

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CRITICS' LIST

(Continued from page 25)

the life and work of the great Anglo-American writer. To be published April 29. (Bond.)

THE INCREDIBLE CANADIAN. *By Bruce Hutchison. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.* $5.
William Lyon Mackenzie King, who held Canada's prime ministership for over a decade, is the subject of an extended study in politics and personality. (Shockley.)

LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND. *By James H. Moynihan. New York: Harper & Bros.* $5.
Biography of a distinguished American Roman Catholic prelate. (Herzberg.)

LIVING TIME. *By Maurice Nicoll. New York: Hermitage House.* $4.50.
A British psychologist picks up strands of thought from his earlier study, "The New Man," and, following the footsteps of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky, expands them into an explanation of a continuously living past and a six-dimensional world. (Rothermel.)

MERELY COLOSSAL. *By Arthur Mayer. New York: Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
"The Story of the Movies from the Long Chase to the Chaise Longue" is the book's subtitle, setting the humorous tone for this account by a celluloid pioneer still prominent in the industry. (Flowers.)

THE NATURAL SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN. *By Ashley Montagu. New York: The Macmillan Co.* $3.50.
An expansion of Professor Montagu's much discussed *SR* article. To be published April 21. (Sherman.)

THE NEW FORCE. *By Ralph E. Lapp. New York: Harper & Bros.* $3.
Aiming at the layman, Dr. Lapp, who has been associated with the Manhattan atomic project, discusses the problem of security and secrecy, the scientific principles involved, the various bombs, and the possibilities of harnessing the atom for man's benefit. (Kogan.)

O RUGGED LAND OF GOLD. *By Martha Martin. New York: The Macmillan Co.* $3.
A true story of how the author, separated from her husband by a landslide, survived a brutal Alaskan winter. Going Robinson Crusoe one better, she gave birth to an infant in that icy wilderness. (Snadjr.)

OUR ANIMAL NEIGHBORS. *By Alan Devoe and Mary Berry. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.50.
A popularization of natural history. (Derleth.)

PAGEANT OF THE ROSE. *By Jean Gordon. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.* $5.
A book about the flower in legend, history, song, and picture. (Hass.)

PEOPLE, PLACES, AND BOOKS. *By Gilbert Highet. New York: Oxford University Press.* $3.50.
A collection of Mr. Highet's radio talks on a variety of literary subjects. To be published April 30. (Kogan.)

PERSIA IS MY HEART. *By Najmeh Najafi. As told to Helen Winckle. New York: Harper & Bros.* $3.
The autobiography of a young Persian woman after she has had a chance to compare her own ancient civilization with the Western world. To be published April 15. (Flowers.)

THE PILGRIM READER. *Edited by George F. Willison. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.50.
The author of "Saints and Strangers" supplies comment to link the records left by prominent Colonial figures. Wanderings from the shores of the Old World to those of the New and experiences in the various settlements till the end of the eighteenth century are included. (Babcock.)

THE POOR MAN'S GUIDE TO EUROPE. *By David Dodge. New York: Random House.* $2.95.
Tips on how to travel economically abroad delivered with a light touch. To be published April 17. (Rogers.)

PREVIEW FOR TOMORROW: *The Unfinished Business of Science. By Bruce Bliven. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
An account of scientific research now under way and indications as to where it may lead presented by a skilful science popularizer. (Rothermel.)

ROBERT BROWNING. *By Betty Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* $5.
An account and interpretation of the life of

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the great British poet with some attention also to his work. (Sherman.)

THE SERMONS OF JOHN DONNE. *Edited by George R. Potter and Evelyn M. Simpson. Berkeley: University of California Press.* $7.50.
The discourses of the seventeenth century British clergyman better known for his verse. (Bradley.)

SNIPS AND SNAILS. *By Louise Baker. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.
What would it be like to be the only female teacher in a Western private school for boys? Miss Baker, associated with the best seller "Out on a Limb," tells it all in humorous fashion. (Cady.)

THE TAMING OF THE NATIONS. *By F. S. C. Northrop. New York: The Macmillan Co.* $4.75.
An interpretation of today's clashing cultures and how they may be brought to collaborate in the creation of a peaceful world. (Cross.)

THE UNDERSEA ADVENTURE. *By Philippe Diolé. New York: Julian Messner.* $4.50.
Diving has a long aquatic history, but recent activities have opened up new vistas of underwater life. Mr. Diolé draws a great deal on his own "watery" experiences. (Jackson.)

THE VAGRANT MOOD. *By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.
A collection of essays on a variety of topics, mostly literary. (Barkham.)

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: *College edition. Edited by David Guralnik. Cleveland: World Publishing Company.* 1,728 *pp.* $5; $6 thumb indexed. (Babcock.)

WESTWARD THE BRITON. *By Robert G. Athearn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* $4.50.
America and the traveling Briton. (Perkin.)

THE WHITE RABBIT. *By Bruce Marshall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* $2.75.
An exciting story, based on fact, about the work done by R.A.F. man Yeo-Thomas in occupied France during World War II in making the resistance movement effective. The terrors of the German Gestapo and the daily risks run by the brave men of the Resistance are captured here. (Yeiser.)

WHY DID THEY KILL. *By John Bartlow Martin. New York: Ballantine Books. Clothbound.* $1.50.
Paperbound, 35¢. Sometime ago the killing of a nurse by three teen-agers made the headlines. Mr. Martin digs into the background of the trio and their social environment for answers to his query. (Kogan.)

WITH WINGS AS EAGLES. *By Helen Chappel White. New York: Rinehart & Co.* $2.75.
A deeply personal recounting of the psychological upheaval created by the news of the death in Korea of Mrs. White's son and her struggle to find spiritual balance. (Shockley.)

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF BOOKS. *Edited by Alfred Stefferud. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Clothbound.* $2. *New York: New American Library. Paperbound,* 35¢.
Crammed with good writing about good reading, this volume is the work of a notable band of book enthusiasts who aim to broaden literary perspectives and encourage sound, profitable habits. (Barkham.)

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF INSECTS. *By Albro Gaul. New York: Rinehart & Co.* $4.
A non-technical worms-eye-view of the social relationship and facts of life related to the insect kingdom. (Bond.)

THE WORDS OF JUSTICE BRANDEIS. *Edited by Solomon Goldman. New York: Henry Schuman.* $3.
The late and noted jurist's views on significant contemporary matters topically arranged. (Perkin.)

Fiction

NINE VOTES

A GOOD MAN. *By Jefferson Young. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.
Portrait of a proud Negro in the Deep South and how his aspirations affect himself and his neighbors. (Cady, Cross, Hass, Hormel, O'Neill, Parton, Rogers, Rothermel, Snadjr.)

SIX VOTES

FAR FROM THE CUSTOMARY SKIES. *By Warren Eyster. New York: Random House.* $3.75.
A first novel about life aboard a U.S. destroyer in the Pacific in World War II. (Babcock, Barkham, Jackson, North, Rothermel, Tinkle.)

FIVE VOTES

THE GREEN MAN. *By Storm Jameson. New York: Harper & Bros.* $3.95.
This, Storm Jameson's twenty-eighth book, dramatizes the struggle between two brothers, one of them dedicated to reason, the other to power. (Douglas, Parton, O'Neill, Tinkle, Washburn.)

THE SECOND HAPPIEST DAY. *By John Phillips. New York: Harper & Bros.* $3.75.
Life among the gilded Groton-Harvard set in the years since the war. (Flowers, Hamby, Nelson, North, O'Neill.)

THE SOJOURNER. *By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
Two unlike brothers and their lives on a farm. (Cross, Derleth, Nelson, Smith, Snadjr.

FOUR VOTES

THE PLANTATION. *By Ovid Williams Pierce. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.
Life on a Virginia plantation replete with memories, old aunts, Negroes, and marriage on the rebound. (Derleth, Douglas, Smith, Tinkle.)

THE OUTSIDER. *By Richard Wright. New York: Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
After a long absence from the literary scene, Mr. Wright returns with a novel about a Chicago Negro caught in the grip of the Communist party. (Bradley, Kogan, Rogers, Rothermel.)

THIS HAPPY RURAL SEAT. *By George Lanning. Cleveland: World Publishing Co.* $3.50.
A Midwestern family is torn between the reality of the present and nostalgia for the past. (Cady, Cross, O'Neill, Washburn.)

THREE VOTES

DESIREE. *By Annemarie Selinko. New York: William Morrow & Co.* $4.50.
The Cinderella from Marseilles who became Napoleon's mistress and later Queen of Sweden. (Cady, Hamby, Nelson.)

A DOG'S HEAD. *By Jean Dutourd. Translated by Robin Chancellor. New York: Simon & Schuster.* $3.
A modern-day fable, translated from the French, chronicling the troubles of Edmond Du Chaillu, who goes through life with a dog's head on his shoulders. (Hamby, Jackson, Washburn.)

TWO VOTES

AMOS BERRY. *By Allan Seager. New York: Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.
A symbolic rebellion against the world built by his industrial father finally leads Amos actually to commit murder. (Cross, Jackson.)

CORPUS OF JOE BAILEY. *By Oakley Hall. New York: The Viking Press.* $4.50.
The trials of a child of the Depression are ultimately solved in the Atomic era. (Flowers, Perkin.)

THE FAIR BRIDE. *By Bruce Marshall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.
This story of a priest in Spain is scheduled to be published in June. (Douglas, Rothermel.)

THE HOUR AWAITS. *By March Cost. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.50.
A romantic fable about Princess Elizabeth, who has twenty-four hours in London to contact her English relatives in an effort to save the fortunes of her family in the Tyrol. (Babcock, Rogers.)

THE INTRUDER. *By Helen Fowler. New York: William Morrow & Co.* $3.
An injury sustained in Japanese captivity makes Paul Duncan a murderous week-end menace to an Australian family who are his hosts. (Nelson, Washburn.)

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST. *By Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50.
This new novel by the Pulitzer Prize winner is scheduled to be published in June. (Babcock, Bradley.)

LILLY'S STORY. *By Ethel Wilson. New York: Harper & Bros.* $2.75.
The struggles of a woman to make a respectable home for her illegitimate daughter. (Flowers, Rogers.)

STAY AWAY, JOE. *By Dan Cushman. New York: The Viking Press.* $3.
A government-donated cattle herd sets a French-Canadian family in Montana on a series of comedy adventures that affect both herd and family. (Hamby, Nelson.)

TO THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH. *By Pamela Frankau. New York: Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
Romance and marital doings in the journalistic and artistic set on both sides of the Atlantic. (Douglas, Snadjr.)

ONE VOTE

THE BATTLE OF BALTINGLASS. *By Lawrence Earl. New York: Alfred A Knopf.* $3.
A small-town Irish teapot tempest said to have been derived from an actual affair several years back. (Derleth.)

THE BIRDS AND THE BEES. *By James Aswell. New York: Rinehart & Co.* $3.
Teen-ager Rowdy runs away with a colorful character who manages to get himself killed. Soberer and wiser, she finds that convention has its virtues. A new novel by the author of "The Midsummer Fires." (Yeiser.)

BLANKET BOY. *By Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* $3.50.
This novel is based on an original story by a chieftain of South Africa's Basutoland, Mopeli-Paulus. At the center of events is Monare who is caught in the contentious hands of various religionists intent on his soul's salvation. (Barkham.)

THE BOYDS OF BLACK RIVER. *By Walter D. Edmonds. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $3.
Life in the gusty horse-and-buggy days on a prosperous Upstate New York farm as told by the author of "Drums Along the Mohawk." (Derleth.)

A BUYER'S MARKET. *By Anthony Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.
Despite the economic-sounding title, this is fiction, continuing the author's earlier novel "A Question of Upbringing" and characterizing the late Twenties by detailing the lives of several persons. (Yeiser.)

COUNT D'ORGEL. *By Raymond Radiguet. Translated by Violet Schiff. New York: Grove Press.* $3.
An affair between a sensitive young man and an older woman depicted by the author of "Devil in the Flesh." Reviewed in this issue. (Yeiser.)

DAYS OF MY LOVE. *By Leonard Bishop. New York: Dial Press.* $4.
An extra-marital affair and ambitious financial projects are the concerns of the principal characters of this new novel by the author of "Down All Your Streets." (Bradley.)

HOTEL TALLEYRAND. *By Paul Hyde Bonner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
The aspirations and frustrations of the American foreign service set in Paris. (Herzberg.)

THE HOUSE BY THE MEDLAR TREE. *By Giovanni Verga. Translated by Eric Mosbacher. New York: Grove Press.* $3.50.
First translation of a Sicilian classic. (Bradley.)

LOVE FOR LYDIA. *By H. E. Bates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $3.50.
What love did for a young English girl named Lydia and the four young men who adored her. (Snadjr.)

THE MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES. *By Robert Musil. Translated by Eithne Wilkins and George Kaiser. New York: Coward-McCann.* $4.
Life in the upper classes of Vienna before World War I. To be published June 8. (Babcock.)

MY HERO. *By Maude Hutchins. New York: New Directions.* $3.
The very personal life of a man closely examined by the author of "A Diary of Love." (Kogan.)

NINE DAYS TO MUKALLA. *By Frederic Prokosch. New York: Viking Press.* $3.
A novel of ideas told through the talk of a group of people journeying across Arabia. (Snadjr.)

NINE STORIES. *By J. D. Salinger. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $3.
Short stories from the *New Yorker* and other magazines by the author of "The Catcher in the Rye." Reviewed in this issue. (Herzberg.)

PRINCE BART. *By Jay Richard Kennedy. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young.* $3.95.
A psychological study of a glittering movie idol with feet of clay. (Flowers.)

STRANGE LAUGHTER. *By Pierre Molaine. Translated by Eithne Wilkins. New York: Roy Publishers.* $3.
How a sane man upsets the even tenor of an insane asylum's ways. (Rogers.)

A STRANGER HERE. *By Robert Henriques. New York: Viking Press.* $3.75.
The eye of a married, middle-aged man alights on a young woman. The setting is the English Cotswolds. (Herzberg.)

THE STRUGGLES OF ALBERT WOODS. *By William Cooper. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.50.
An ironic twist of fate defeats the ambition of Albert Woods to become a great man of science. Reviewed in this issue. (Herzberg.)

'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE. *By Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: Julian Messner.* $3.95.
The life and death of Jean-Jacques Rousseau told in fictional form by a distinguished historical novelist. To be published April 27. (Babcock.)

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NEW EDITIONS

THE art of dealing briefly and lucidly with large tracts of history is rare among historians, and valuable in proportion to its rarity. In this, as in other fields, too many books that are put forward as introductions, surveys, and outlines are really useful—for reference or refreshment of memory—only to readers already familiar with the subject treated; novices are bewildered by strings of strange names and embarrassed by crowds of naked facts. No such feelings will plague readers of the revised, enlarged edition of **"Japan, Past and Present"** (Knopf, 3.75), by Edwin O. Reischauer. The author, professor of Far eastern languages at Harvard, is not only master of his subject, he is master of the art I have mentioned. Within little more than 250 pages he charts Japan's historic course from its beginnings down to the present year, and even finds space in which to weigh various future possibilities. Wisely, he relegates most of his names and dates to a chronological table. Always distinguishing the superficial and ephemeral from the fundamental and enduring, he leads us through the successive periods into which Japanese history divides itself—the centuries when China was zealously imitated; the rise of a native culture and the rise of the Fugiwara; feudalism and the shogunate; the consolidation of the Daimyo and the centuries of stability under the Tokugawa; the forcing of Japan's closed door by the West, and the extraordinary achievements of the Meiji period, when Japan made the Western world its school; World War I, the growth of a liberal, democratic spirit, and peaceful business expansionism; militaristic reaction and overseas imperial adventure; World War II, disaster, occupation, a new sovereign State and a new constitution. During his narrative Dr. Reischauer corrects popular, even scholarly, misconceptions; and he does not neglect religion, art, literature, or language. With a single sentence he gives us a key that unlocks many doors. "Throughout most of Japanese history, it has probably been the rule rather than the exception for the man or group in nominal political control to be in reality the pawn of some other man or group." The Japanese story is an amazing one. No other nation has ever matched, in so short a time, the magnitude of its achievement between the "Restoration" and the Versailles conference, where it took its place at the peace table as one of the Big Five. And the future? Japan, like other nations, would seem to be the probable victim of forces beyond its control.

A detailed account of how we broke into the Japanese Islands—that had looked out on the world only through the window of Nagasaki—and how we forced Japan into the international arena of cut-throat competition may be found in a recently published abridgment of the three volumes in which Commodore Perry reported on his 1852-54 mission: **"Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan"** (Coward-McCann, $5), compiled by Francis L. Hawks under Perry's supervision, now edited and abridged by Sidney Wallach, with a foreword by John B. Heffernen and ten lithographs from the first edition. Perry was a brave man of imperious will, but even he, had he known what he was really doing, might have hesitated to sail his "black ships" into Yedo Bay.

"Europe," by Samuel Van Valkenberg and Colbert C. Held (Wiley, $7.50), is a geography in the broadest sense of the word. It not only surveys "the pattern of distribution of phenomena—physical, human, and economic—in Europe" as a whole, and gives an account of each country from its geological foundation to its present economic status; it also considers the problems of each nation in the light of fixed factors, possible developments, and national character. This is a helpful book to have standing back of the daily news.

Garden City is now selling Lowell Thomas's **"Back to Mandalay"** (the story of Wingate's air commandos in Burma) for $1.98; and it offers Lowell Thomas Jr.'s generously illustrated **"Out of this World"** (a trip to Tibet with Thomas *père* and *fils*) for the same price.

"A Book of Greek Coins" by Charles Seltman (Penguin, 95¢), contains many plates of a quality that I have not seen matched at anything like the price.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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LITERARY MAYHEM

(*Continued from page 20*)

passed by eighteenth-century commentators! Dr. Johnson's attack, as everyone knows, had "no formal preparation, no flourishing with his sword; he is through your body in an instant." When he was asked whether he reckoned Herrick or Smart the better poet, his opinion was as devastating as it was prompt: "Sir, there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea." When Lord Chesterfield's letters to his natural son were published, Johnson swept away their pretensions to tone and elegance with a single sentence: "They teach the morals of a whore and the manners of a dancing master." Confronted with literary nonsense, the Doctor's way was to lunge forward like a bear and crush it to death without any regard for nicety and tact. He thought that the "Ossian" poems were blatant fakery, and not all the impressive scholarship adduced to prove their antiquity budged him in the slightest. When the Rev. Dr. Blair of Edinburgh sought to bring him up short by asking whether any modern man could write such poetry, he replied: "Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children." The controversy reached a pitch where passions ceased to be merely literary and became physical. The flourish of the pen gave way to the shake of the fist, but the Doctor was never one to shrink from a brawl of any kind. The letter he wrote, and published in the newspapers, was of a more robust kind than we are accustomed to read in literary supplements today. A reply to James Macpherson, who launched the "Ossian" furore, it read:

> I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.
>
> What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the publick, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.
>
> SAM. JOHNSON.

And even Johnson, the most awesome literary figure of his time, was by no means spared the slings and arrows of his contemporaries in the literary hurly-burly that raged around him. The Johnson-Boswell "Tour of the Hebrides" was called "the story of a mountebank and his zany" by Horace Walpole, and Adam Smith had an even blunter epithet for the Great Cham of Literature.

Johnson and Smith met in Edinburgh and fell into a dispute over some point in Smith's letter on the death of Hume. "And what did the Doctor say?" Smith was asked afterwards.

"Why, he said—he said—'*You lie*!'" Smith reported with the bitterest resentment.

"And what did you reply?"

"I said: 'You are a son of a bitch!'"

It is an oddity, and hardly a healthy one, that at a time when American writing is so unblushingly frank and uninhibited as to call for Congressional investigation, the atmosphere in which it is produced should be so inert and listless. No passions flame over such matters as a disputed point in a letter on the death of Hume; no turbulent personalities clash in mortal combat over literary issues. The withering cross-fire of invective and abuse which stimulated the world of books and authors in other eras has subsided in our own into desultory pea-shooting and wrist-slapping.

A revival of the gentle art of literary mayhem would do us far more good in the way of excitement and vitality than harm in battered reputations and bruised sensibilities. An infusion into our republic of letters

of the kind of frontier vigor which once prompted men to shoot from the hip when crossed or challenged would be a most salutary thing.

Doesn't anybody care any more?

WILLA CATHER

(*Continued from page 50*)

turning away from the world around her. The fiction of the times shows men trying to pass from the self-sufficiency of home and community to the bewildering interdependence brought by science and machinery. Willa Cather did not accept that interdependence, at least not in her art. She chose to retreat to earlier periods—in New Mexico, in the cliff villages, in French Canada—when self-sufficiency was not only possible but was required. In her late years she developed a persistent affliction of her right hand and had to wear a brace of steel and leather, but she would not let it touch her independence. Instead, she recalled that in childhood when her parents tried to help her she would cry "Self-alone! self-alone!" If the social and political novelists wrote from the realities of the twentieth century, she wrote from another reality. She was aware of the solitude of the human spirit.

Here is the inevitable, personal theme in Willa Cather's fiction. It speaks not to the social self, the participant in the world's complexity, but to the still remaining solitary self that can never be caught up in the interdependence of the swiftly changing world. Thea Kronberg felt "the immeasurable yearning in all flat lands"; she would have felt the same thing in mountains, or the sea. The yearning was in herself, and even in a world of crushing interdependence it is in the spirit of man.

Though the Old World is richly present in Willa Cather's books, she is very American. She suggests Mark Twain, who lived on the high tide of the Western frontier and despaired after its passing. She echoes Emerson's insistence on the individual: "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself." She wrote about the individual's endeavor, regardless of how the world changes, to master his surroundings. What matters in her fiction is the human person and what he can make of experience. In pursuing this theme her art grew more and more free, finally needing only picture, symbol, and style, and so it too, became personal, like poetry, and it evoked intensely personal responses She was never an "exciting" novelist, never at all "modern." She has not been in fashion and she cannot go out. Her fiction is austere but it is lighted; it stands up like a high mesa in the long evening light, tranquil and enduring.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

A YANKEE AT QUEEN ELIZABETH'S COURT

LONDON.

IT IS seventy days to the Coronation as I write this, but London already has taken on all the aspects of a gigantic stadium. Grandstands that appear no less solid and permanent than the Bank of England have risen along The Mall, which Londoners call the "mal," and rows of them rise along Pall Mall, which is called "pell mell." A great sea of seats rises and falls with the topography along Piccadilly as far as the eye can see even on the clearest of London days. The stands are made of stout two-by-four planking and in some cases two-by-six, with an intricate maze of steel pipe to hold it all up. Along Pall Mall a ramp is being poured at the moment to provide an extra tier for standees, who will be placed between the sidewalk and the beginning of the stands. Even old Eros, who has been looking down at the queer doings in Piccadilly Circus these many years, has been removed for a cleaning and perhaps a gilding, although he—like most of those who will sit in the sturdy benches—will have just forty-five minutes of procession to look at, including, with luck, a glimpse of the Queen. She will ride in a closed coach of gold.

The stands that have been erected on Crown property will seat about 20,000 people who pay $11 for the privilege, or $14 if their seat is covered from the elements. Another 150,000 seats are being erected on private property and these have long since been administered to those who were on hand with the money when the call went out. Of the Crown seats, 4,000 were released to the British Travel Association for the use of foreign tourists, a gesture towards Britain's growing tourist industry. The price for each of the 4,000 places, however, has been pegged at $40 to $80 to keep the tickets on a par with the tariff in the unofficial stands. Although these fees would seem to insure a sort of elegance, the police department has insisted that ticket holders be in their seats at 7 A. M. In a gesture of utter flamboyance some grandstand landlords have agreed to toss in a box lunch to be served with champagne.

Stores, offices, and almost anyone with a knothole that gives out on the path Elizabeth will follow between Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey has either sold it or is retaining it for personnel or friends. It is probable that the Queen will be greeted by department store windows jammed with a packed miniature grandstand of department store employees. Nine hotels are situated on the route, a factor which has caused some to elevate their prices into the stratospheres and others to refrain from the practice with grand and commendable *hauteur*. The old Ritz, which is recovering from the shock of a rather bizarre murder which occurred in its high-collar halls the other week, normally charges about $10 a day for a single room with bath. Those who are booked into the Ritz for the Coronation have agreed to engage their quarters for two weeks time whether used or not, and during the second week the rate is doubled. On the other hand, the popularly priced Cumberland, near the Marble Arch, which normally charges $4.30 for a single room with bath and is indeed formidably abreast of the route, is not increasing its rates at all. However, all hotels in London, regardless of size, conscience, manner of business, or previous degree of occupation are booked to the brim.

The salvation for those who are neither well-connected nor well-heeled is to stay in a private home or else outside of London. The British Travel Association has compiled a list of 4,000 inspected residences which are available at sane prices varying with the class of household. Anybody who still has a notion to take in this show first-hand, and it can be done, may write Coronation Accommodations Department, London Hotels Information Service, 88 Brook St., London W.1. The local office of Thos. Cook says it can still get rooms in hotels in Brighton and Folkstone at about $30 a week or $6 a day with a four- or five-day minimum booking required. Brighton is an hour out of London and, in view of the rules about being in the stands, anybody staying out there will have to be out of bed at 3 A.M.

I got to thinking on the flight coming over that this will be the first Coronation to take place during the transatlantic air age. We had left New York in the early evening; it had been a quiet night at 14,000 feet. The dawn was already up now and those with berths were still snoring. We were over a tufted cloudbank that looked as if someone had ripped the cover off a mattress, and in this strange world the big BOAC Monarch Stratocruiser seemed stationary and tranquil, a mammoth mobile suspended in a vacuum. We came out of the hallucinatory land in the stratosphere in time for breakfast in London. And it will be possible, pre-

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suming he can get a seat, for someone to leave on BOAC's Monarch from New York on Coronation eve and be in the mob at Hyde Park the next morning in time to watch the lords go by.

For those who come in good time on a Coronation cruise, or at the last minute by air, this will be the spectacle of the decades. The Royal Greenhouses are bulging with plants, and flowers are to be flown up from San Remo on the Italian Riviera. Lamp posts are being painted a giddy combination of yellow, lavender, black, white, and red. Hardly a building will escape wearing a Coronation dress of bunting, medallions, shields and in some cases a decorative symbol of the work that is normally carried on inside.

In the dark of Coronation eve, workmen will erect four gold arches across the Mall, decorated with coronets, and connected to the Palace on one end and the Admiralty Arch on the other by avenues of flags. Stores and hotels will be blazing with festivity, and homes—so the merchants earnestly hope—will be filled with all manner of geegaws bearing a royal crest. Woolworth's on Oxford Street is taking orders for Coronation cakes at forty cents a pound. The twenty-pound size comes with dozens of metallic crowns and a photograph of the Queen on top. One London lad trying to talk his lady into a smaller and pictureless cake said, "Cahnt h'eat the photograhph, h'I s'pose?"

Besides the edible goods—the latest candy boxes have a color portrait of the Queen on horseback—there are tea strainers, napkin rings, toasting forks, egg-timers, pocket combs, key rings, shoe horns all regally embossed. Penny banks, jam pots, and book-ends are shaped like crowns this year, and there is a choice of hundreds of beakers, including Royal Doulton and Wedgwood, which are traditionally awarded to school children as a remembrance.

London is to have an Elizabethan Restaurant which will serve food of the era in the decor of the era, a way of harking back to the first Elizabeth, whose reign was nearly 400 years ago. Gastronomy has come a long way since then, a fact for which we may all say thanks after a look at the menu. There will be boar's head brawn, a head cheese made from boar (or perhaps, in these domesticated days, from a suitably enraged pig). There is to be neat's tongue, a neat being a small ox, and cold peacock from Wales, served with tail erect. Those whose esthetic sensibilities are not violated may dip into lampreys, from which King John is rumored to have died of a surfeit. Roast swan and vegetables will come to 12/6, or about $1.75, and you can wash it down, if at all, with a tumbler of Rhenish wine or old English mead. If there is anyone around who has a hankering for a heaping platter of Good King Henry, which is a vegetable, he may find it on the card along with the intelligence that Queen Elizabeth I ate it for breakfast, a meal which she was fond of taking between eleven and twelve in the morning.

All this is the product of a British Army veteran named Robin Howard, who owns the Gore Hotel where the Elizabethan Restaurant will be located. At the moment Mr. Howard is up to his bowler in plans for bifurcated daggers, models of wooden plates, buxom beauties who want to be serving wenches, auditions for tumblers and lute players, not to mention dispatches from the Government warning against the serving of whole suckling pigs lest the nation's food supply be inordinately depleted.

Behind such untoward levity there is the severe business of preparing the Coronation ceremonies themselves to conform precisely with 1,000-year-old tradition, a matter which is undertaken with a seriousness that is incomprehensible to Americans. I attended the other day a press conference given in Church House by the Archbishop of Canterbury, a bald, grandfatherly, self-assured gentleman, who read off a prepared statement with one hand stuck in the trousers pocket of his vestments. I must admit that most of what the Archbishop had to say was *patois* to me, plunging as he did into the most minute detail of each phase of the ceremony which will take place in Westminster Abbey, and only now and then enlivening things with a pert remark. My notes show that at one point he said, "Now, I come to the armills, and whether this interests you or not I cahn't imagine." He told the press quite earnestly, I thought, how "absorbedly interesting it is to prepare a Coronation," and once when an inexplicable phase arose he dismissed it by declaring "I am personally in favor of anomalies, because all the valuable things in life are anomalies." There was

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much conversation about those armills, which are bracelets, about the use of the terms "inthronisation" or "enthrone" (the latter won), or whether the orb should be used in place of the Scepter with the Cross since it has the same meaning (both will be used).

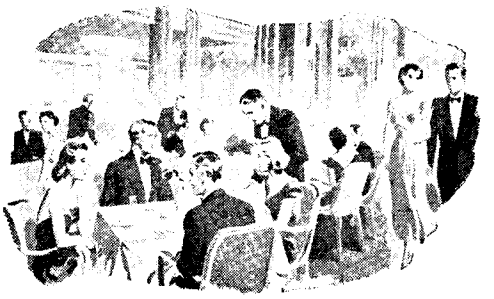
Dr. William McKie, the organist of Westminster Abbey, said that he was sorry that Benjamin Britten had been too busy at other work to compose special music. However, there are to be eight new works, one by a Canadian, and Dr. McKie, who has seen the scores, assured the assemblage that all were absolute "winnahs." It was announced also that the Bishop of Gloucester would consecrate new oil for anointing on the evening before the ceremony, the last oil which was kept in a vial since Queen Victoria's enthroning having been lost in the blitz.

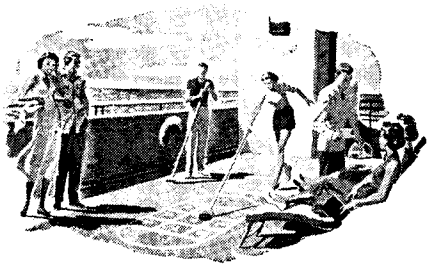
WITH every last pin in place, the big and ancient machine will start rumbling to a climax at 8:45 A. M., June 2, when the procession pulls away from Buckingham Palace bearing everybody from the Queen of Tonga to the Sultan of Serak. The details of the procession are endless and I won't labor you with them beyond mentioning that there will be no motorized vehicles in the line and that the Queen's carriage will be preceded by 1,000 guardsmen on foot. She will descend at the modern annex to Westminster Abbey, a temporary structure which is being built at a cost of nearly $150,000. I made an earnest and persistent effort to have a look inside Westminster Abbey, which has been closed for alterations since the first of the year, but the idea was unthinkable to the press officer of the Earl Marshal's staff. It is no breach of confidence to tell you, on second hand information, however, that a track has been laid up the center aisle to help the workmen, who are—among other things—building stands up to the edge of the Abbey windows to seat the 7,500 people who have been invited to see the actual crowning. The place was so crowded in 1937 that guests were not allowed to bring their wraps inside the church.

The old Abbey has been the scene of thirty-seven coronations, but this is the first that has ever been televised. What with the lights for TV, the June Day, and the fact that the 7,500 guests will have been wedged into their seats from 7 in the morning until 1:45 in the afternoon, Westminster Abbey threatens to be the hottest place in town come Coronation Day.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Getting there is half the fun!





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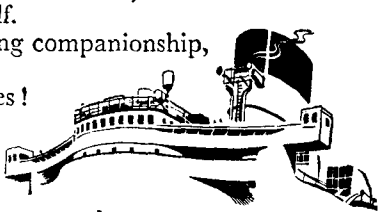

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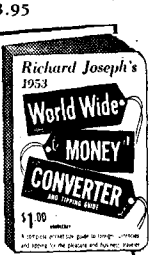

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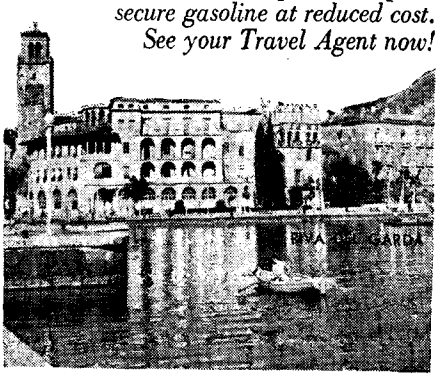

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REMEMBRANCES OF H. G. WELLS

(*Continued from page* 19)

who had played an intimate part in his own life. He was always a little impatient with his heroines. He regarded his heroes with greater indulgence. He had of course put more of himself in them; most of them in fact are merely himself in a different guise. Trafford in "Marriage" is indeed the portrait of the man H. G. thought he was, added to the man he would have liked to be.

IN the last twenty-five years I have had a lot of people staying with me and sometimes I am tempted to write an essay on guests. There are the guests who never shut a door after them and never turn out the light when they leave their room. There are the guests who throw themselves on their bed in muddy boots to have a nap after lunch, so that the counterpane has to be cleaned on their departure. There are the guests who smoke in bed and burn holes in your sheets. There are the guests who are on a regime and have to have special food cooked for them and there are the guests who wait till their glass is filled with a vintage claret and then say: "I won't have any, thank you." There are the guests who never put back a book in the place from which they took it and there are the guests who take away a volume from a set and never return it. There are the guests who borrow money from you when they are leaving and do not pay it back. There are the guests who can never be alone for a minute and there are the guests who are seized with a desire to talk the moment they see you glancing at a paper. There are the guests who, wherever they are, want to be somewhere else and there are the guests who want to be doing something from the time they get up in the morning till the time they go to bed at night. There are the guests who treat you as though they were gauleiters in a conquered province. There are the guests who bring three weeks' laundry with them to have washed at your expense and there are the guests who send their clothes to the cleaners and leave you to pay the bill. There are the guests who telephone to London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, and New York, and never think of inquiring how much it costs. There are the guests who take all they can get and offer nothing in return.

There are also the guests who are happy just to be with you, who seek to please, who have resources of their own, who amuse you, whose conversation is delightful, whose interests are varied, who exhilarate and excite you, who in short give you far more than you can ever hope to give them and whose visits are only too brief. Such a guest was H. G. He had a social sense. When there was a party he wanted to make it go. Now and then there were neighbors who had to be asked to lunch or dine and sometimes they were dull. H. G. could talk to them as entertainingly as if they could understand him. One such occasion stands out because it is the only time I saw him defeated. One of my neighbors, hearing that he was staying with me, called me up and told me that she had a great admiration for him and that she'd always been told that he was a marvelous talker and would so much like to meet him. I asked her to lunch. We sat down and H. G., who liked to talk, began to do so. He had just got into his stride when the lady interrupted him with a remark which showed that she hadn't listened to a word he said. He stopped and, when she had finished, went on. Again she interrupted him and again he stopped. When she paused he started once more and again she interrupted. It was evident that her wish was not to hear H. G. talk, but to have him listen to her talk. He gave me one of his funny grins and relapsed into silence. For the rest of the lunch he sat mute while she cheerfully gave utterance to a stream of shattering platitudes. When she went away she said she'd had a wonderful time.

I saw H. G. for the last time during the war. I was in New York and he had come to America to deliver a series of lectures. He came to lunch with me just before his return to England. He looked old, tired, and shriveled. He was as perky as ever, but with something of an effort. His lectures were a dismal failure. He was not a good speaker. It was odd that after so much public speaking he had never been able to deliver a discourse, but was obliged to read it. His voice was thin and squeaky and he read with his nose in his manuscript. People couldn't hear what he said and they left in droves. He had also seen a number of highly influential persons, but though they listened to him politely he could not but see that they paid little attention to what he said. He was hurt and disappointed. "I've been saying the same things to people for the last thirty years," he said to me with exasperation, "and they won't listen." That was the trouble. He had said the same things too often. Many of his ideas were sensible, none of them was complicated; but, like Goethe, he thought that one must always repeat truth: *Man muss das Wahre immer wiederholen.* He was so constituted that never a doubt entered his mind that he was definitely possessed of *das Wahre.* Naturally people grew impatient when they were asked once more to listen to views they knew only too well. He had had an immense influence on a whole generation and had done a great deal to alter the climate of opinion. But he had had his say. He was mortified to find that people looked upon him as a has-been. They agreed with him or they didn't. When they listened to him it was no longer with the old thrill of excitement, but with the indulgence you accord to an old man who has outlived his interest.

He died a disappointed man.

The Lake

By Charles Norman

MASSED green and silences
Stand guard around the lake;
Maple and the pensive pine
Both shade and shadow make.

Through windows of the wood,
Glooms and gold are seen,
Long boughs where lightfall lies,
Massed silences and green.

Bright-thighed birch and beech
Crowd down upon the shore,
To wade out of the wood,
Loving the lake more.

The water lies so still,
It could be shadow there
Of the still, blue sky
And the still, white air.

Over its placid depth,
A single bird glides past;
Within its shaded deep
Lie fish like shadows cast.

The water is so still,
It lies like silence there,
The silence of the wood
That treads its soft air.

Thin as ferns and fronds,
The woodland settles down,
Drowned in that still pool,
Where stars will stream and drown.

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

GOING PLACES

IF you're on your way to far-off places this year—by auto, boat, train, or plane, or just by film—a little planning and budgeting in advance will come in mighty handy. My most recent excursion into the world of 16mm. travel films was both hectic and refreshing, so I've put down a few notes which may help you to avoid the one and enjoy the other.

Travel films are generally sponsored by some transportation company or government agency for circulation to the public (in whole or in part) without charge except for transportation costs. These relatively free films quite naturally include some advertising, the degree depending upon the sponsor's good sense. But unless the selling line is truly obnoxious, the advertising is nothing much more than "Don't you wish you were here?" or more truthfully "Don't we wish you were here!"

But any films which transport you somewhere for your enjoyment and recreation are equally entitled to be called travel films. They invite you, not by direct advertisement and enticement, but far more subtly and perhaps effectively. Since these films cannot be written off as advertising, rental fees are usually involved. There is no set rule that the free films are consistently better or worse than those you pay for. One thing is sure: travel films of all kinds are perennially popular with all kinds of audiences. And even though they are in great demand, there are still quite enough of them to go around. In fact, if all the existing travel films were laid end to end, they probably would go around the world a time or two.

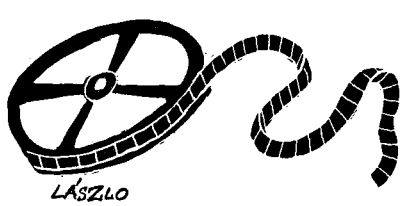
Another worthy note about both the free and the rental films is that travel by film is becoming an increasingly pleasant experience. In the past I have "sat through" any number of travel films just to see some special scene or event. Nowadays it is happening that I will show the same travel film twice, for the pure enjoyment of it.

The "typical travelogue" is almost a thing of the past. Almost, but not quite—for I doubt that we have really said our *last* farewell to the quaint people of Such-and-Such island as we watched the sun set on the one most beautiful lake, ocean, or waterhole to be found.

THE sun is not likely to set on the British Empire this year, and the entire proceedings of coronation and festivities in London promise to be among the most elaborately photographed events of our time. It will be some while before the films are available in this country for 16mm. showings, but you are likely to see them in profusion on theatre and television programs. For non-theatrical showing, there is wonderful background for the pomp and ceremony to be found in such 16mm. films as **"The Royal Tour"** (28 min.) to South Africa in 1947; **"The Royal Silver Wedding Anniversary"** (18 min.) of the late King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in 1948; **"The Royal Wedding"** (30 min., color) of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh; **"The Royal Wedding Presents"** (29 min., color); **"Trooping the Color"** (10 min., color), a filming of the magnificent military salute held annually on the Horse Guards Parade; and **"Royal Scotland"** (9 min., color) a tour of Scottish castles historically connected with the royal family. All six are British Information Services releases, available for rental and purchase from the BIS office at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

Britain's past hundred years is reevaluated in Stuart Legg's **"Forward a Century"** (29 min.), based on ideas by Raymond Spottiswoode. Between Britain's Great Festivals of 1851 and 1951, notable progress was made in many fields, and the film urges us to estimate these achievements in humanitarian rather than purely materialistic terms. Available for 16mm. rental and purchase from the British Information Services, see above.

A realistic **"Picture of Britain"** (22 min.) reviews her present-day industrial, social, and political life and her people's determination to continue making a worthwhile contribution to her own and the world's better-being. Scenes of stepped-up production in agriculture, mining, steel, textiles, ship-building, aeronautics, and other endeavors provide impressive photographic shots of a truly modern nation at work. The film has an excellent narration and pleasant musical background. It was produced by the British Government's Crown Film Unit, which only recently had to be done away with for austerity's sake and which is much mourned throughout the film-viewing world. "Picture of Britain" is another BIS release, see above.



London's countryside of parks, commons, woodlands, and fenlands makes up **"The Green Girdle"** (11 min., color), a film that is glowingly rich in natural loveliness and British charm. Many famous English estates and mansions, now preserved by the National Trust and open to visitors, are shown in **"People's Land"** (11 min., color), which Americans might enjoy equally well before or after their visit to England.

Twentieth-century travelers will get at least a vicarious kick out of **"Britain's Comet"** (20 min.) which shows something of the history of this fabulous flying machine and takes you on a trans-European trip flying at nearly 500 miles an hour at heights of over 40,000 feet.

"The White Continent" (20 min., color) is one you are not likely to visit, and all the more reason why you should see it on film—especially on a hot summer's day. The film is a record of the joint Norwegian, British, and Swedish expedition to Queen Maud Land in the Antarctic, through icy waters, then slowly through pack ice, until a landing is made and the wintering party's base camp is set up. It is fine adventure in a frontier land without people (although I should add that the penguins do give one a start). For the sake of the record, all the films mentioned thus far can be rented and purchased on 16mm. from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y., and all are well worthwhile for information and entertainment.

CONTINENTAL Europe provides the scenery for any number of sponsored films. Trans World Airlines' **"Flight to Italy"** (18 min., color) and **"Flight to Portugal"** (12 min., color) are among the more recently released. Produced by Dudley Pictures, they offer typical glamour glimpses of tourist spots, with an occasionally inspiring moment of beauty. Others in the series include Flights to Egypt, England, France, Germany, Greece, India, Israel, Spain, and

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"Europe at Your Window" (27 min., color) is advertised as a new idea in European traveling, and I'm inclined to agree that it is. By Swedish Bus Lines, the film tours Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and reaches its destination in Rome. It is strictly a sightseeing job, and thoroughly enjoyable. The story of a honeymooning couple is unobtrusive amid the fine sights of Copenhagen, Delft, Brussels, Paris, Geneva, and Milan. "Europe at Your Window" is available free to adult groups of fifty or more; bookings should be made well in advance of desired show date. Requests sent to Films of the Nations Distributors, at 62 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y., will be forwarded to the nearest of their fifteen outlets for prompt attention.

Pan American World Airways, in its extensive "Wings to" series of travel films, has most recently released films on Scandinavia, Finland, Italy, and fishing in South America. **"Wings to Finland"** (22 min., color) is one of the season's most attractive and informative free travel films. It begins, as its sponsors undoubtedly would like all such visits to begin, with a comfortable Pan American flight from New York to Helsinki. The advertising is brief, and is soon relinquished for more colorful views of Finland's capital city, the surrounding lakes and countryside, the castles, factories, dance festivals, ending with a visit to the Laplanders way up in the Arctic Circle.

"Wings to Italy" (29 min., color) is equally attractive in its tour of Rome, Pompeii, Siena, Capri, Florence, Venice, and other points of interest. There have been many other travelogues of these places, but what sets this film apart is its straightforward indulgence in beauty, luxury, and pleasure, its interest in pictorial vitality rather than merely in picturesqueness. Unlike the kind of film which seems to have been written by the local practical joker for the benefit of the local idiot, this one is all good taste and enjoyment. Credit for the production goes to director-photographer Harry Coleman, writer Robert Hertzberg, and editor Jean Oser. If other airlines get around to seeing these two new Pan American films, let us hope they try to compete for excellence.

All the "Wings to" films are available free *to groups only* from Pan American World Airways, Department of Visual Sales, 2819 Bridge Plaza North, Long Island City 1, New York.

Another extensive and interesting collection of free travel films is available through the Canadian Travel Film Library, at 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y. The quality of these Canadian films is generally high, although there are slip-ups now and then. A sixteen-page catalogue listing titles and U. S. distribution outlets is sent out upon request, and new films are constantly being added to the collection. Among the more recent are **"Fundy Holiday"** (11 min., color), about the newest of Canada's National Parks as seen and enjoyed by a motoring family group, and **"Champlains of Today"** (30 min., color), a canoe trip through waters explored first by early French settlers in the midst of some still exhilarating scenery.

"Letters from Hawaii" (28 min., color) has a thin story line and an unusually long section about the comforts of life aboard the "Lurline"—but once the film gets into the heart of the Hawaiian Islands it displays itself magnificently. Several of the islands are visited, and from volcano crater to ocean beach the colors and expanses are thrilling to look at. Available free from the Matson Shipping Company, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

To end on a familiar note, right here in our own United States, there is a remarkably attractive free film entitled **"Montana and the Sky"** (20 min., color) available from the Montana Aeronautics Commission, P. O. Box 1698, Helena, Montana. The various uses of small airplanes are given a quick but attentive run-through in a most commendable way. Private planes are filmed in their many uses—for vacation and business traveling, for medical services, for herding sheep, spraying wheat, fighting forest fires, and many other aerial activities in the wide open spaces. It is a well-made film, with good commentary, and exceptionally fine color photography. Produced by Film Originals, and well worth seeing in your free time.

—Cecile Starr.

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16mm News Notes

NATIONAL Mental Health Week is being observed throughout the country this week (April 6 to 13) and a number of pertinent films are being released just in time to make news. The Mental Health Film Board, for example, has two interesting new productions—"Roots of Happiness," which illustrates a father's role in creating happy family relations, and "Broken Appointment," which deals with mental health aspects of public health nursing. Both are about thirty minutes long and are to be released for purchase only through the International Film Bureau, 57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

"Shyness" is the self-explanatory title of an excellent new film made by the National Film Board of Canada soon to be released through McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

A series of five films on adolescence is also available for purchase through McGraw-Hill Text-Films.

For rentals on all these films, apply to your nearest film libraries and ask that they order their prints right away. Even though it isn't possible to get them for use during this Mental Health Week, the purpose will be equally well served if you make a note now to put the films to good use as soon as possible. They are well worth it.

* * *

A three-day audio-visual workshop is to be held in Los Angeles from June 19 to 21, immediately preceding the annual conference of the American Library Association. The place of audio-visual materials—including educational television—in libraries of all kinds is the central theme. Everyone who is interested is welcome. Further details are available from the workshop committee chairman, Irving Lieberman, c/o School of Librarianship, University of California, Berkeley 4, Calif.

* * *

Annual Film Festivals are being held in a number of cities this spring, the general idea being to show as many of the new and outstanding 16mm. films as possible and in some cases to give awards for distinction. Boston's Film Festival takes place on May 2 at the Sheraton Plaza Hotel. Stamford (Conn.) will hold its screenings on May 22. The oldest and largest of American Film Festivals will be in Cleveland on June 17 and 18 at the Hotel Carter. Further information about each of the three is available.

—C. S.

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In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title & Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
ACT OF PASSION *Georges Simenon* (Signet: 25¢)	A probing into the heart and mind of Charles Alavoine, French country doctor, to discover what led him to commit murder after forty years of respectable existence. Translated by Louise Varèse.	Taut, fast, powerful writing by a novelist who is steadily rising in the estimation of the critics.
THE AGE OF LONGING *Arthur Koestler* (Signet: 35¢)	A novel of ideas, exploring the temper of western Europe at mid-century through the words and acts of a group of the international intelligensia living at Paris.	Only occasionally successful as fiction, but stimulating, sometimes brilliant in its philosophical discussions.
CORONADO'S CHILDREN *J. Frank Dobie* (Bantam: 35¢)	True tales of the men who devoted their lives to seeking the legendary buried gold of the Old Southwest.	Rich and fascinating Americana recounted with simplicity and spirit.
DELILAH *Marcus Goodrich* (Bantam: 35¢)	The saga of the sixteen-year-old destroyer *Delilah* and the men she bore through Pacific waters during the six months before the U.S.'s entry into World War I.	An almost plotless, paternless book that for its originality and power has been hailed as a modern classic of the sea. Sternly masculine stuff.
THE DAY OF THE LOCUST *Nathanael West* (Bantam: 25¢)	The curious misadventures of a bookkeeper from Iowa among the ordinary campfollowers of that extraordinary industry, the film business.	A skilfully told surrealistic tale.
ELECTRA AND OTHER PLAYS *Sophocles* (Penguin: 50¢)	Four fifth century B.C. Greek plays—"Philoctetes," "Women of Trachis," "Electra," and "Ajax"—in a new translation by E. F. Watling.	Attractive edition of these major works of a master of classic tragedy.
THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER *Carson McCullers* (Bantam: 35¢)	John Singer, a deaf mute in a Southern town, deprived of the companionship of another mute, is obliged to become the recipient of the confidences of a variety of fellow townsmen.	A touching story of pitiful people told with humanity but without sentimentality.
JEFFERSON SELLECK *Carl Jonas* (Dell: 35¢)	A Midwestern, mid-twentieth-century businessman, dying of heart disease, confides the story of his life, his ambitions, successes, and frustrations, to a wire-recorder.	Excellent satire in the vein of Sinclair Lewis, though gentler in spirit.
THE LOOKING GLASS *William March* (Bantam: 35¢)	A psychoanalysis of a varied assortment of residents of Reedyville, Alabama—from high-school principal to proprietress of the town's leading brothel—some thirty-five years ago.	A portrait gallery of abnormal people done with a spirit, humor, and artistry reminiscent of Edgar Lee Master's "Spoon River Anthology."
THE LORD GOD OF THE FLESH *Jules Romains* (Pocket: 25¢)	During their honeymoon, Pierre Febvre, a ship's purser, and Lucienne, a provincial French music teacher, find rapport through a "religion of love." The second part of Romains's trilogy. "The Body's Rapture." Translated by John Rodker.	A subtle, frequently brilliant portrayal of love on both the physical and psychic planes.
SO LITTLE TIME *John P. Marquand* (Bantam: 50¢)	Jeffrey Wilson, prosperous as a play doctor and seemingly happy in his marriage, undertakes to discover why success has failed to bring him contentment.	Superb contemporary social satire.
WHEN BOYHOOD DREAMS COME TRUE *James T. Farrell* (Signet: 25¢)	A miscellany including short stories, sketches, and a full-length play (the last written in collaboration with Hortense Farrell). Frustration is the predominating theme.	Short stories, the most important items, are characteristic Farrell work: graceless, solid, with steadily accumulating power. In the play, a minor effort, politics are more important than people.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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Cramped digits, inflamed pleura;
Until a friend, who feared the end,
Tipped him off to CONTOURA.*

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THE ROOTS OF A WRITER

(*Continued from page* 50)

life of the artist. The usual trappings and self-indulgences seemed to them both effete. Both thought of themselves, if I were to believe them, as "roughnecks" who had more or less happened into fame. Both liked a rather bare and timeless world. Both were suspicious of their own emotional, singing side, and imposed on it an elegant and sober line.

Frost had told me how uncertain he was, how floundering in direction as a youth. All he knew was that he "cared to write a little poem"—and to marry Elinor. Willa, far more confident, unencumbered, and self-impelled, had early decided to be a writer. But, like Frost, she had turned from one thing to another to make her way—to journalism, teaching, to editorial work. Both of them had come into their first significant recognition in their late thirties. Yet in the life and work of both one could discern an absolute sureness and continuity of literary development.

"Frost," I said in my portrait, "had stuck with piety to the clarification of his own tone of voice, his own form and matter." With Willa it was the same: every novel must be a meeting between the life-line and the line of personal development, must be a personal discovery. And they had in common their passionate dependence on the world of nature. They were rocks, they were trees. In common, too, they held valiantly, like a banner, their debt to the masters of the past.

Willa could be caustic at her own expense, sometimes savagely angry. But she did not make light of herself. Where R.F., with his glinting humor, wandered along, speculating about what the answer was, Willa seemed to move by will-power and was far more apt to think she knew.

WILLA CATHER was buried in the Old Cemetery, Jaffrey Centre, New Hampshire. The New England pioneers who incorporated this village in 1773 are said to have "raised" the framework of their enormous church, known as "the Old Meeting House," on the day of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The Old Meeting House stands on a height and dominates the intimate village square, with its aged spreading trees, charming old houses, some white, some rosy brick. Beyond the high white edifice, towards Monadnock Mountain, the old burying ground slopes steeply down, like Thornton Wilder's graveyard in "Our Town." There lie the early settlers, under their delicately engraved grey stones and monuments. Willa's grave, with its pure white, graciously curved headstone, is the very last near the lower fence with no other between it and the view, and seems to hang suspended above a flat, blue space of sky and level, forest-grown plain stretching to the long humped Roman profile of Monadnock.

"Don't you feel she must be lonely here?" asked a young writer who was with me on one occasion when I visited the grave from Peterborough.

No lonelier than she was anyhow, I answered, when she committed herself to the impersonal life of the novelist which seemed to mean much more to her than her personal life. In Jaffrey she had worked on some of her finest books, and her spiritual home, so I imagined, was, indeed, the place where she wrote at her best.

The words carved in a lower corner of the stone seem almost to be *spoken* in a low, familiar voice: "That is happiness, to be dissolved into something complete and great."

The quotation concludes the fervent, earthy chapter of "My Antonia" in which the little boy first observes and experiences the prairie after he reaches his grandmother's homestead near Black Hawk. Jim was entirely happy, walking through the red, blowing grass to the edge of the world, feeling the "motion" in the country which seemed "somehow to be running." He lay down among his grandmother's pumpkins on the warm earth of the draw bottom.

"Perhaps we feel like that when we die, and become a part of something entire, whether it is sun and air, or goodness and knowledge."

Mary Austin, another Western woman, who adopted New Mexico as her final home, dying a few years before Willa Cather, requested that her ashes be scattered on a mountainside of the Sangre de Cristo range. But Willa, with similar individualism, and very much less drama, chose the contained peace of her adopted New England village. One can easily imagine Mrs. Field and Miss Jewett stopping by to leave a bunch of pinks and larkspur from the South Berwick garden. They would both have appreciated the beautiful northern New England prospect; a landscape as soberly poetical as one of Miss Cather's prose paragraphs, from which all excessive ornament or metaphor has been stricken by a firm pen.

Many times in the last three summers I have stopped at this grave and increasingly rejoiced that Willa should have chosen to lie forever in a place where the works of man—village, church, graveyard, adjacent farms—are related harmoniously and intimately to the universe around them. What she loved in the ancient cliff cities of New Mexico and Arizona was the sense that there man and nature and earth were one. Jaffrey, too, surrounded by outlying farms and topped by an impressive, ancient church, is, like Acoma pueblo, a kind of hilly citadel.

The inhabitants of Jaffrey Centre today are relatively few. For when the Boston and Maine Railroad came through and the mills were built along the river, most of the citizens moved to East Jaffrey. That is, of course, why "summer people" bought some of the old houses at the Center and why the Old Meeting House has now become a community centre, where atomic scientists and others discuss the agitations and hopes of the modern world.

Did Willa know how many of these Jaffrey New Englanders are Roman Catholics? Some have French Canadian names. Even the Shattuck Inn, where she wrote some of her finest pages, is soon to house a school of the order of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, for Catholic boys destined for the priesthood; and on the village street, in Jaffrey Centre, the Sisters of Notre Dame are teaching New Hampshire boys and girls.

If on her grave that bears no religious emblem or references, a young priest laid a wreath for Father Latour and Father Vaillant, I am sure that Willa Cather would rejoice. If a young veteran of the Korean war, which she missed by dying in 1947, stopped by—a man with an Asian outlook, one of those constrained to hail and accept (as Thornton Wilder said in his Alumni Day address at Harvard in 1951) "that painfully emerging unity of those who live on the one inhabited star"—she would surely receive him as a new Tom Outland.

Willa Cather did not, however, write only for youth and age; only for Episcopalians or Roman Catholics; only for Nebraskans, New Englanders, or Virginians. Perhaps she wrote chiefly for classicists. "The Poet's Testament," found among George Santayana's papers after his death, is the poem I would choose to read at her grave:

> To trembling harmonies of field and cloud,
> Of flesh and spirit was my worship vowed.

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(Continued on page 74)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 73)

GHOSTWRITER OR NEWSPAPER MAN with historical, research, adventure and/or sports background, on part-time salary basis for Public Relations Consultant who has ideas, orders, contacts for books and magazine articles. Also research and fact finding assignments. Write full details. Box N-812.

TRANSATLANTIC NEWS FLASH. Leading British literary journal, JOHN O'LONDON'S WEEKLY is essential reading for all Americans who want to keep in touch with the English cultural scene. Articles and reviews, written by well-known writers, cover the whole range of current British books. Regular features on music, art, films and the drama. Send only $3.50 for annual subscription (52 issues, mailed direct from London) to Jeremy North—Bookseller (JOL/136c), "Friendship House," Jamestown, Rhode Island.

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CONGENIAL LADY OR COUPLE with independent means may share lovely home in Smokies, 50 miles Ashville. Share small part living expense. Box N-801.

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AFRICAN EBONY HEADS, authentic primitive works of art, solid ebony, about 6 inches high, direct from importer. Only $10. Money-back guarantee. Write for circular. EAST-WEST, 491 Lawrence Road, West Hempstead, N. Y.

TWO COLLEGE MEN desire summer employment. Wide interests, will travel. Box 295, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois.

REGISTERED NURSE available for travel this summer, experienced—Europe, South America, Mexico, Hawaii, USA. References exchanged. Box N-778.

SECRETARY, resident NYC, seeks live-in position with couple or lady. Typing, shorthand, assist author, American, employed, $150. Box N-802.

AMERICAN LADY takes paying guests, villa in Fiorence, Italy. Reasonable; full or demi-pension. Box N-805.

WRITER, intimate knowledge of Greek drama, to draft modern parallel; material supplied. Telephone Miss Ross, CHelsea 2-7600 (NYC).

FUND RAISING AND PUBLIC RELATIONS MAN interested in position with Health, Welfare, Educational or non-profit agency. Presently employed. Box N-809.

WANTED: SECRETARY with college education or practical experience in literary, historical research or writing, with secretarial abilities, for office Public Relations Consultant who has ideas and contacts for books and magazine articles but no time to sweat them out. Good secretarial salary plus percentage on all published works. Write full details. Box N-812.

OPERA

SOPRANO, COACH—voice, opera, song—MAXINE DORELLE presenting "Dorelle Opera Cameos," alternate Wednesday evenings; April 15, "Tosca"; April 29, "Lohengrin." Information at studio 1105, Carnegie Hall, 154 West 57 St., NYC. Circle 5-7945.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

CHARMING, sunny room—private bath—for woman, breakfast privilege, luxurious Central Park West apartment. $70. Telephone ACademy 2-3054 before 10:30 A.M.

FLUSHING, N. Y. Huge studio room and private bath unit, 3 exposures overlooking garden in private residence, near station, for career woman. $100 monthly. Telephone INdependence 3-6828.

FURNISHED ROOM FOR BUSINESS GIRL, breakfast, Brooklyn Heights, N. Y. Box N-776.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR EXCHANGE: Lovely 8-room house, Los Angeles—3 baths, piano, books, records, 2 television sets; for similar in New York environs or large apartment. July, August. Box N-786.

For Sale

MARTHA'S VINEYARD HOUSE, center Edgartown. All improvements. New oil burner. Beautiful property. $22,000. Write E. C. COZZENS, Damariscotta, Maine.

COMPACT, SMALL CONNECTICUT ESTATE. Ideal for New York commuting. Express trains from Norwalk or Darien. Superb enterainment facilities. 35-foot pine-paneled living room. 4 bedrooms plus maid's room. Separate small studio facilities for artist or writer. Camping cottage in woods. 7 acres. Large grape arbor. Fruit trees. Numberless dogwoods, etc. Tennis court with extra deep backcourts. Attractively priced for quick sale at $49,500. Box N-646.

COMBINING CHARM WITH MODERNITY: Summer home on vast, glorious mountaintop, LIVINGSTON MANOR, N. Y.—sharing swimming pool, club house and sports with small group. Easy on purse. Telephone DEfender 5-8919 (NYC); Box N-804.

GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY HOME—3 hours from N.Y. by Turnpikes; 50 minutes from Philadelphia—77 acres pasture and woodland, never failing spring to swimming pool, stone and frame rambling dwelling; 30-foot library, 3 bedrooms, 2 tile baths, powder room, rumpus room, all electric utilities. Large barn suitable for apartment and studio, 8 large box stalls, garage, equipped blacksmith shop. Tennis, badminton courts; bridle paths, jumps. 3 miles from Morgantown Exchange on Pennsylvania Turnpike, 11 miles south of Reading. Will sell completely furnished if desired. Write C. R. Ellis, Whippoorwill Farm, R.D. 1, Mohnton, Pa., or telephone Morgantown 6-3432.

IDEAL HOME FOR RETIRED COUPLE, on deep creek, good road, 2 acres. 2 separate 4-room apartments. Finney's Wharf Road, Onancock, Virginia. See Mrs. Etter.

175-YEAR OLD, 12-room Colonial home on the common, quiet Vermont village. 3 fireplaces, Dutch oven, original handwrought hardware, spring water, maple shade, 8 acres. A gem at $8,000. VERDMONT REAL ESTATE AGENCY, Rochester, Vermont.

IDEAL SUMMER HOME in Vermont Lake district. Colonial house, garage, small barn, 3 acres. $3,500. Robert Stowell, Adamant, Vermont.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J. Beautiful brick and stone residence; 1½ acres, brook, paneled library and living-dining room, 4 master bedrooms. Schools, train (DL&W), buses convenient. Box N-810 or telephone South Orange 2-1794.

For Summer Rental

FURNISHED, modern, 8-room farmhouse on north shore Lake Charlevoix. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths. Suitable for family or artist group. 4 months, $600. Per month, $200. Write Dorothy Dart, Charlevoix, Michigan.

TEACHER ABROAD will rent 3-bedroom country home. All conveniences. June 15 - September 15. $500. References. Mrs. Arthur F. Landon, Agent, Route 7, Brandon, Vermont.

FIRE ISLAND BEACH HOUSE in grove of holly trees; cozy, charming, 3 bedrooms, library, living room with fireplace, 2 screened porches, deck, bathroom with shower, complete kitchen, hot water, telephone. No electricity. 2 hours from New York. Magnificent unspoiled beach. $1,800, May 1 to October 1. Box N-796.

MT. MANSFIELD, VERMONT. Studio barn, viewing Lake Champlain and Adirondacks. Huge stone fireplace, private brook, swimming facilities. Full modern equipment. Burlington airport available. $200 monthly. Box N-795.

CAPE COD COTTAGE. Spacious living room, 2 large bedrooms, kitchen, shower—completely modern. Near Bay. $300 month of July. Box N-790.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

SOUTHERN VERMONT, comfortably equipped hillside home overlooking river valley. 5 bedrooms, attic playroom. $450 season. Box 21, East Jamaica, Vermont.

COMFORTABLE MAINE COAST FARMHOUSE. 4 bedrooms. Near Small Point and Popham beaches. Box N-785.

FIVE-ROOM COTTAGE, completely furnished, electric kitchen. Private colony. References. Telephone AXtel 7-1961 (NYC).

OVERLOOKING THE RIVER that runs two ways, 3 small summer cabins, 40 acres of wild woods, 50 minutes from Grand Central. Furnished all coveniences, swimming pool. Each suitable for couple; $600, $650, $700. May 15 - October. Telephone Croton-on-Hudson 1-3421 or Holbrook, LExington 2-7450 (NYC).

COTTAGE AT COTUIT, MASS. (Cape Cod)—5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 100 feet of harbor shore front, 150 acres of woods, private pond. Summer rent, $1,000. Box N-807.

TRAVEL

"AMERICAN HISTORY ORIGINS," Travel Course on Wheels, 3 hours college credit, June 29 - July 10. ARNOLD TOURS, 234 Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

VACATIONS

PLANNING FOR TANGLEWOOD THIS SUMMER? Get the most out of it by staying at SEVEN HILLS. Here is not only proximity to the Festival, but a complete vacation program—all sports, superb food, exceptional accommodations. THE HOWITTS, SEVEN HILLS, Lenox, Massachusetts.

SUGARING TIME AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Pussywillows. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt

WILDERNESS TRAIL TRIPS, hiking and riding. Havasu Canyon, Gem of Grand Canyon; 3, 6 and 8 days April into June, from $50. JOHN MUIR TRAIL, California Sierra Nevada, July into September. Minimum 7 days, from $60. Write WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, 1940 Hearst Ave., Berkeley, California.

CHARMING DARTMOOR 15th CENTURY INN, haunt of writers, small, good center for Devon and Cornwall. Excellent food. Write Mrs. Cobb, Easton Court Hotel, Chagford, Devon, England.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Informal resort adults only, private lake, tennis, record library.

GREEN SHADOWS. Old Lyme, Conn. Quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby—country auctions—summer theatre—Tanglewood Festival. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

HONEYMOON—FIRST OR SECOND—with the stars for streetlights, on famous Monhegan Island at THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Plantation, Maine Booklet?

CORNWALL, VERMONT, GUESTHOUSE. 8 miles to Middlebury. Excellent food and accommodations Virginia Graham.

THINKING ABOUT VACATIONING IN ARIZONA? Riding—excellent, Swimming—ideal, Food—delicious Weather—can't beat it. OPEN ALL YEAR. MONTEZUMA RANCH, Star Route 1, Hereford, Arizona

INSTITUTO ALLENDE—Year-round accredited arts and crafts courses for hobbyists and professionals Spanish, lectures, field trips. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Room and board from $2 daily. Illustrated prospectus: Stirling Dickinson, Instituto Allende, Box R, San Miguel Allende, Gto., Mexico

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, Eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $25 $35 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Duane Barnes Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 994

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Captured something, either mentally or physically.	185 172 71 87 9 152 115 144 77 126 / 15
B. Specific health institutions at Carville, La., Kalawao, Hawaii, etc.	7 90 141 163 50 130 95 170 150 47
C. Degrees of sourness.	190 151 113 93 137 142 133 84 29
D. Anything dirty, foul, or obscene.	189 154 46 104 110 127 162 14 66
E. A work projecting outward from the main enclosure of a fortification.	164 105 146 101 159 61 180
F. Any plant of the carrot family.	70 153 184 171 97 161 82 37 128 22
G. Young women.	174 31 147 67 49 138
H. Center of government in the Anglican Church.	175 88 140 30 76 132 149
I. In baseball, to return a ball too high.	36 125 173 64 74 102 32 21 27
J. A mouse deer, only about a foot high.	122 136 68 48 195 183 178 72 98 57
K. The Jewish ceremony of betrothal.	155 131 63 42 121 73 1 25 177
L. Shaped like the head of a halberd.	24 91 134 123 103 160 43

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Trait for which La Fontaine's Ant rebuked the Grasshopper.	192 55 26 187 85 8 124 109 176 99 / 79 34
N. Slang for refusal of a request.	18 167 120 169 5 53 78 148 35
O. A Hawaiian porch.	39 12 62 28 2
P. First principles; the sine qua non.	188 129 3 145 83 166 56 19 40 157
Q. Designating the subordinate one of some biological pairs.	186 6 17 11 182 118 96 114 52
R. A counselor.	38 181 106 165 89 58 4 117
S. An obligation which specifies that it is to be paid on demand (2 wds.).	23 143 193 158 80 69 33 44 94 59
T. First word of the Weird Sisters' charm, in the first act of "Macbeth."	119 75 81 41 111 65
U. Cauterization.	194 45 135 107 54 92
V. What Sentimental Tommy told each woman she was, compared with others.	116 60 191 86 156 13 139 108 20
W. Provocative of agitation within a mass or group.	10 196 179 168 112 16 51 100

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 K	2 O	3 P	■	4 R	5 N	6 Q	7 B	8 M	9 A	■	10 W	11 Q	12 O	13 V	14 D
	15 A	16 W	17 Q	18 N	19 P	20 V	21 I	22 F	23 S	24 L	25 K	26 M	■	27 I	28 O	29 C
	30 H	31 G	32 I	33 S	34 M	35 N	■	36 I	37 F	■	38 R	39 O	40 P	■	41 T	42 K
43 L	44 S	45 U	■	46 D	47 B	48 J	49 G	■	50 B	51 W	52 Q	■	53 N	54 U	55 M	56 P
57 J	58 R	59 S	60 V	61 E	62 O	■	63 K	64 I	65 T	66 D	67 G	68 J	69 S	■	70 F	71 A
■	72 J	73 K	■	74 I	75 T	76 H	■	77 A	78 N	79 M	80 S	81 T	82 F	83 P	84 C	■
85 M	86 V	■	87 A	88 H	89 R	90 B	■	91 L	92 U	93 C	■	94 S	95 B	96 Q	97 F	98 J
99 M	100 W	■	101 E	102 I	103 L	104 D	■	105 E	■	106 R	107 U	108 V	109 M	110 D	111 T	112 W
113 C	114 Q	115 A	■	116 V	117 R	118 Q	119 T	120 N	121 K	122 J	123 L	124 M	125 I	126 A	127 D	128 F
129 P	130 B	■	131 K	132 H	■	133 C	134 L	■	135 U	136 J	137 C	138 G	■	139 V	140 H	141 B
142 C	143 S	144 A	145 P	146 E	147 G	■	148 N	149 H	150 B	151 C	152 A	■	153 F	154 D	155 K	156 V
157 P	■	158 S	159 E	160 L	161 F	162 D	163 B	■	164 E	165 R	166 P	167 N	■	168 W	169 N	■
170 B	171 F	172 A	173 I	174 G	175 H	176 M	177 K	178 J	■	179 W	180 E	181 R	■	182 Q	183 J	■
184 F	185 A	186 Q	187 M	188 P	189 D	■	190 C	■	191 V	192 M	193 S	194 U	195 J	196 W	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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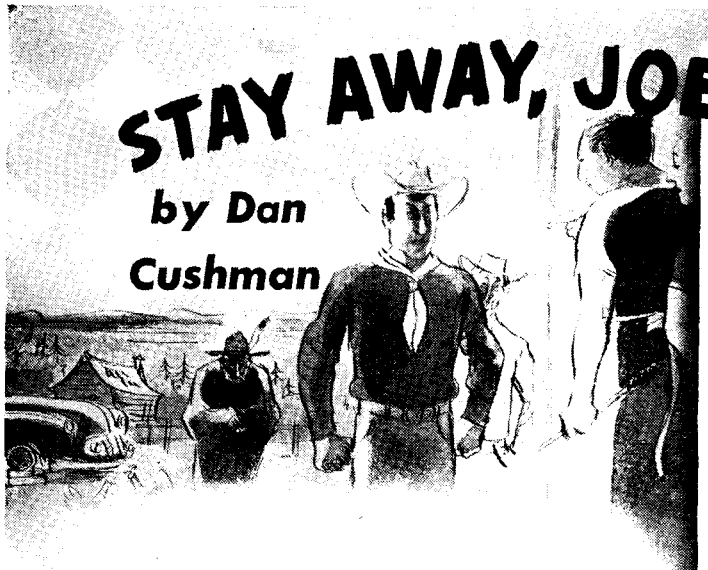
STAY AWAY, JOE

by Dan Cushman



"A boisterously funny story. . . . Warmly recommended for adults with a ready sense of humor."

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This violent and wildly comic saga of a few weeks in the lives of a Canadian-American Indian family in Montana points no moral, discusses no world problems. It is strictly for laughter. The wonderfully chaotic proceedings, the author's shrewd and loving perception of character, are in the rare and well-loved tradition of Steinbeck's *Tortilla Flat*.

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A joyously sensuous, refreshingly unconventional novel by the best-selling author of *The Asiatics*

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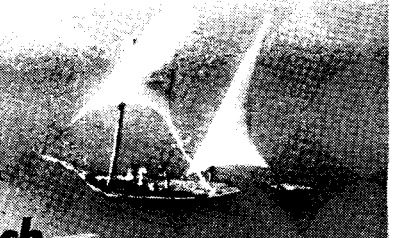
by Frederic Prokosch



Physical adventure and psychological insight are brilliantly combined in this story of four Westerners wrecked on an island near Arabia. As they share an exhilarating and dangerous journey back to "civilization," their senses gradually open to experiences freer and more intense than any they have yet known. "At his best, as in this work, Prokosch writes a rich evocative line with which he creates sensuous worlds he has never seen except with the eye of a superlative imagination."

—Gore Vidal, *New York Times* $3.00

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A tremendously vital new novel by "a writer who is wide and deep and knows how to write. . . He has written a book as American as *The Great Gatsby* . . ." —Stephen Longstreet, *L. A. Daily News* $4.50

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by Oakley Hall

•

"A novel rich with ideas . . . written with a light touch and engaging humor."

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by Theodore Morrison

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By John Steinbeck

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Arthur Miller's great new play in book form

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VENUS in the KITCHEN

OR LOVE'S COOKERY BOOK

Edited by Norman Douglas

THE VIKING PRESS, N. Y.

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